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FEBRUARY 4, 1977

NATIONAL REVIEW

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Unemployment
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Christopher Buckley and YAF: A Symposium

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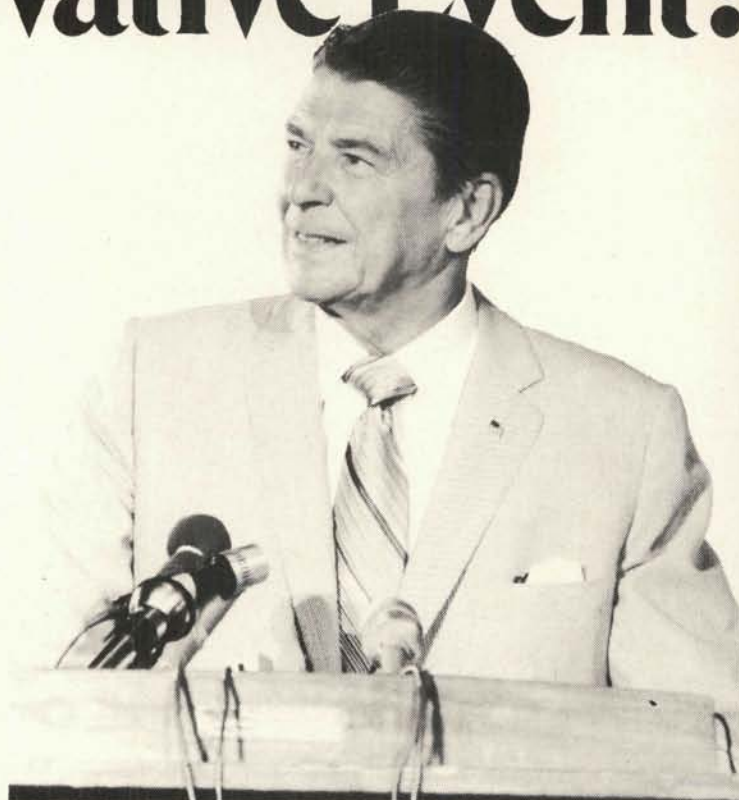
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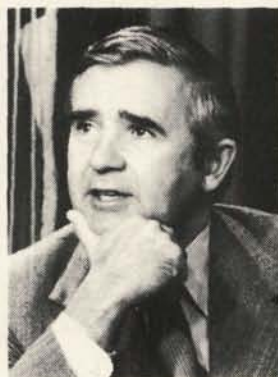
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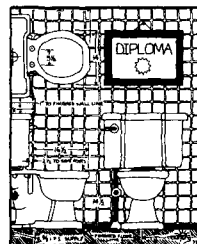
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Cover photo by Jan Lukas



McCarthy and His Enemies

by William F. Buckley, Jr. and L. Brent Bozell

Prologue by William S. Schlamm

444 pages • 7 valuable appendices • notes • 11-page index

BACK IN PRINT—and still the best book on Joe McCarthy and his record

Senator Joseph R. McCarthy died in May, 1957, but the memory lingers on. Whenever a critic reaches for the ultimate in opprobrium, he invariably resorts to Old Reliable: McCarthyism.

This book, covering McCarthy's career through late 1953, remains the most searching and balanced look at the record. Not uncritical (Leo Cherne once counted 66 criticisms of McCarthy in these pages), the book nonetheless sustains McCarthy's basic thesis—and goes beyond it to explore the deeper meaning of the controversy. William S. Schlamm goes to the heart of the matter in his illuminating Prologue:

"When McCarthy proceeded to uncover the immense Communist infiltration of democratic government and free society, his conduct was sometimes objectionable (as this book demonstrates), but his activating premise was not: At the heart of what is derisively called McCarthyism lives, in paradoxical fact, the very principle of Western civilization—the axiomatic tenet that man is entirely responsible for the intellectual choices he has made in an exercise of his free will. The essence of what we have learned in five thousand years about the nature of man is that the inviolable sovereignty of the person presupposes his inseparable responsibility for the positions he takes, including wrong ones. A man can stumble into grave error for the noblest of reasons, God knows; and only Satanism denies man's inalienable capacity to recover from error. But man can neither grow, nor err, nor reform, nor even exist, unless he is taken seriously, and so takes himself. The true difference between McCarthy and his alleged sophisticated opponents is not that they propose a charitable and civilized course, while McCarthy is Caliban; the difference is, in truth, that he, often crudely instructed, takes man seriously, while they insist that man is morally a vegetable and intellectually an eternal child. The intellectual scandal around McCarthy is primarily the frightening frivolousness of his opposition which holds that man's choices signify nothing; that on his walks through the valley of decisions man picks and discards commitments with the abandon of Peter Pan picking daisies. . . .

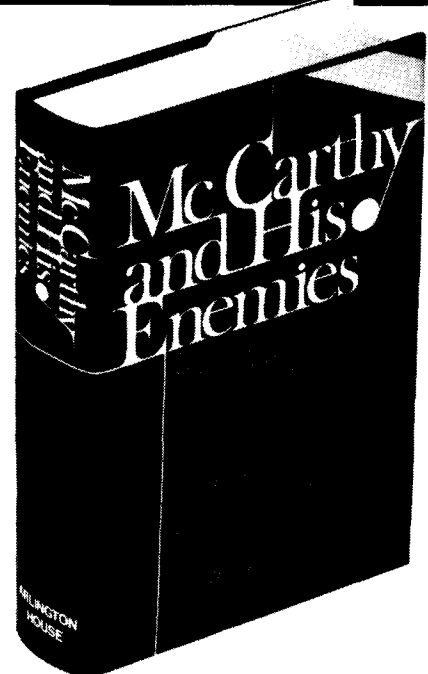
"With this book William F. Buckley, Jr. and L. Brent Bozell have liberated a territory which for four years was terrorized by the nervous shriek; liberated and restored it to orderly argument. Now anybody who wants to remain an Anti-McCarthyite in good standing, and at the same time intellectually respectable, will first have to read and disprove this book."

**Praise — Even from One Reviewer
Who Was No Admirer of Joe McCarthy**

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"The value of this documented book lies in the manner in which the authors have separated fact from the popular fiction peddled by mythmakers like Richard Rovere. . . . the book remains the only objective study of the record and purpose of Sen. Joseph McCarthy." — Edwin McDowell, *Arizona Republic*

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Letters

The Media Curtain

After I finally managed to tear myself away from WFB's Hellman review (I've had a great time quoting bits of it to friends in public places, just to see the reactions of eavesdroppers—which reactions are more varied than one might have predicted, incidentally), I turned dutifully to an article I didn't much expect to enjoy: "The Other Angola" by R. Bruce McColm and David Smith [Jan. 21]. After all, why read about lost causes that aren't even Romantically lost? So what an eye-opener this article turned out to be! I had heard here and there—partly in the editorial pages of *NR*, I believe—that UNITA was still alive and kicking, but I had no idea that it was a real threat to the MPLA/Cuban regime.

It was also fascinating, and very touching, to read the stories of the individual dislocations caused by the civil war, and even more by the MPLA/Cuban attempts to impose a dictatorship: "A refugee from the city, now eating masonge, a gruel made from pounded maize, and picking the bones of a lean stewed chicken, sits at a table hewn from logs but draped with a white linen tablecloth."

"Behind the media curtain, Angola is not a country grappling with the difficult problems of development but a nation in resistance." One hopes that McColm and Smith have now effectively torn down this media curtain. UNITA may not be the kind of outfit the West would ideally like to see in power, but it would obviously be better for both the West and the Angolans than the current Soviet client-state.

New York, N.Y.

ANN FIELDING

Know Your Beneficiary

Although I generally agree with the thrust of Alan Reynolds' article "Competition in Welfare" [Dec. 10], I think he overlooks an essential characteristic of the federal establishment. Gimmick 2 never supersedes Gimmick 1, but only supplements it. Were Reynolds' suggestion put into effect, we would have not only his tax credit, but the entire existing welfare apparatus as well. We wouldn't save one penny. I have a better plan. Let us personalize welfare.

Instead of my contributing to welfare an indefinite percentage of the yearly extortion exacted by the IRS, let HEW send to me a computer card listing the name, address, age, and other vital statistics of some individual person, to whom I am required by law to send a stated amount of my money each month. And so for every taxpayer.

It would be a trivial task these days for a computer to assign beneficiaries and benefactors in a one-to-one correspondence so that they are geographically close to each other. Give each benefactor the opportunity of visiting his very own beneficiary and observing his circumstances first-hand. Further, if any benefactor can find a way of taking care of his beneficiary other than paying him every month, then let that benefactor be relieved of such welfare payments for two years.

Possibly, in that way, charity may become a private matter, as it once was, as it should have been all along.

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

W. M. WOODS

Cutting Off Their Tails

Re "T. D. Lysenko, R I P" [Dec. 24]: Anyone who considers Marxism to be allied with the Lamarckian theory instead of the Darwinian theory has obviously neglected to read *The Gulag Archipelago*. Communists do not cut the tails off capitalists, kulaks, Christians, Jews, Republicans, and others who do not agree with them, in hopes of producing loyal Communist offspring. They cut their heads off.

Communism is survival of the fittest, i.e., those most fit to live under a tyrannical form of government.

Bronxville, N.Y. BRUCE I. GUDMUNDSSON

The obituary of Lysenko confuses "environment" in the genetic sense with "environment" in the eco-activist sense. The conservationist crowd took over the term about 15 years ago, and made it into a sort of neologism to describe "clean air," pure water, and suburbs that need protection against non-WASPs. In genetics, the distinction is between hereditary factors (the mechanisms, encoded in DNA, which determine similarities and dissimi-

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larities between parents and offspring) and environmental influences, which arise from the conditions surrounding the organism. Lysenko's fabrication was that he claimed that environmental forces could produce adaptation by changing the genetic make-up of an organism in response to a stimulus such as low temperature. This is nonsense. However, it is true that a hostile environment, such as exposure to ionizing radiation, can damage DNA, and produce deleterious or even lethal changes that are inherited.

The "powerful interests here . . . in the environment business" (emphasis in original) are not involved in Lysenko's daffy Lamarckian proposals. As for Lysenko, *Requiescat in Inferno*.

Berkeley, Calif.

THOMAS H. JUKES

Novak & Ford: Points

Re Robert D. Novak's informative analysis of recent Republican decline ["Fiasco '76," Dec. 24], one point of contention: "The antidote to Democratic bread-and-butter arguments must be a call for sacrifice at a time of international danger." Surely Mr. Novak realizes that if the sacrifice of economic health for the sake of those bread-and-butter schemes were ended, none would be necessary to retrieve national security. Indeed, if the dollar drain of federal social welfare and regulation were stanchied, and a little economic growth initiated for a change, we might find ourselves with more tax revenues than even the national defense could use.

Placentia, Calif.

ROBERT K. OLSEN

Depressing as his article is, Robert D. Novak has expressed very well my frustration during the presidential campaign. Often I said to myself and to others, Why don't the candidates tell us exactly what we need to do to preserve our freedom and counter the "threats to national survival" (Novak's words)?

When Mr. Novak says in his article, "The antidote to Democratic bread-and-butter arguments must be a call for sacrifice at a time of international danger," even he does not say precisely what sacrifice, or who should sacrifice. Surely, the blue-collar workers are not going to buy the implication that they are to do *all* the sacrificing to preserve their freedom. I did not fully understand what loss of freedom really means until I read Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago II*. Perhaps the average blue-collar worker wouldn't wade through the 672 pages of Solzhenitsyn's book, but I do believe what he says could be made comprehensible in fewer words to the average American citizen. The more we depend upon our government to get us out of the mess, the closer we are to losing that freedom to make our own decisions, to criticize our governing officials, to participate in the government.

Jacksonville, Fla.

ORA G. BOHLEY



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Robert Novak's "Fiasco" shoots at Ford and so misses the target. Carter, Democratic congressmen, and big-spender Republicans won because a large majority of Americans who take the trouble to vote now vote on the basis of "What am I going to get?" If conservatives are going to become a political force, they will have to attract the voters by presenting a program which promises *more*.

The first plank should be tax credits for independent-school tuition. It is significant that when Senator Buckley introduced this measure in the Senate, it received 37 votes: 19 votes came from Democrats; the measure would have passed if "conservative" senators had supported it.

Reagan's proposal to give retirees more at lower cost by gradually shifting to private pension systems should be another plank. Had all Republicans used their resources to broadcast the facts, the message might have finally got through to the voters. Instead, Ford and his supporters played the demagogues, and after Florida the Reaganites went soft.

The program should also have a method for encouraging those on government payrolls to shift to private industry. I have suggested guaranteeing their incomes plus a 10 per cent award on their earnings in private industry. Conservatives have generally given this idea the silent treatment. Professor Milton Friedman, however, recently called this a "highly ingenious scheme."

Silver Spring, Md.

ABE KALISH

It's easy to gain from Robert Novak's highly readable "Fiasco '76" the false impression that President Ford's defeat on November 2 is largely attributable to his veto early last year of legislation coveted by officials of organized labor. Mr. Novak perhaps is unaware that more than 700,000 pieces of mail from a variety of citizens deluged the White House urging a veto of the "common situs" picketing monstrosity. He reported only that Mr. Ford "was bombarded by protests from disconsolate construction executives."

The ability of union professionals to visit reprisals upon office-holders at the polls is greatly exaggerated. More than half of the nation's union members are concentrated in only six states. President-elect Carter triumphed in only three of those: New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. He captured the Presidency primarily because he swept the Southern states. These are the states in which union officials, by their own admission, exert the least political leverage.

Some newsmen and many politicians seem ignorant of the fact that the ranks of the country's labor organizations include only 21.6 per cent of our total work force. Many of the 21.6 per cent are union members because they're victims of the compulsion sanctioned by our federal labor laws.

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The political party which is able to comprehend the significance of this fact will become the majority party of the future.
Fairfax, Va.

REED LARSON

President

National Right to Work Committee

Saving Congress from Itself

Despite your guardedly cheerful paragraph about the relative conservatism of the incoming Senate ["The Week," Jan. 21], one of the last official actions by out-going Transportation Secretary William Coleman gave me the idea for a plan that would save us all a lot of grief. I propose installing an airbag in each desk in Congress, so that at moments of hyperactivity and stress the occupant's vision, hearing, and movements will be instantly stopped, if only for a short time.

I wonder how many litters of silly (or worse) bills could be killed aborning if airbag equipment were standard for Senate and House seats.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

E. G. SYPHER

Atheists and Other Believers

I take issue with M. B. Martin's phrase, "a declared unbeliever, a convinced atheist," in his otherwise well-written article "God, Caesar, and the People" [Sept. 3]. An atheist is one who denies the existence of God—an act which is the opposite of believing, right? Wrong!

A believer accepts God to be a reality

as an act of faith. (And faith is necessary; the Bible itself says so. No unequivocal scientific proof is available, nor should we expect any.) The *unbeliever* does not have this faith; he is not motivated to, is unable to believe. He is a skeptic, or an agnostic. An *atheist*, on the other hand, will tell you that God does not exist. Now how would he know that, if the reality of God does not depend on scientific proof one way or the other? Besides, it's pretty hard to prove a negative. Well, he obviously can make such a statement only if he himself is a believer: the atheist *believes* in the nonexistence of God.

This may seem like a minor, esoteric point, but the implications are significant. For if the "unbeliever" is equated with the "atheist," the subtle suggestion is made that the atheist arrived at his views by merely not believing. This would make him seem more scientific in his approach than a believer. This, of course, is not true.

Reasoning and believing, science and faith, are not in opposition to each other. They operate, as it were, in two different dimensions with the same goal in mind: to perceive reality. Atheism, materialism, the theory of evolution are, along with religions, all in the realm of faith. An atheist's sterile faith is in the nonexistence of anything higher than himself.

Los Angeles, Calif.

HUBERT SZAKACS



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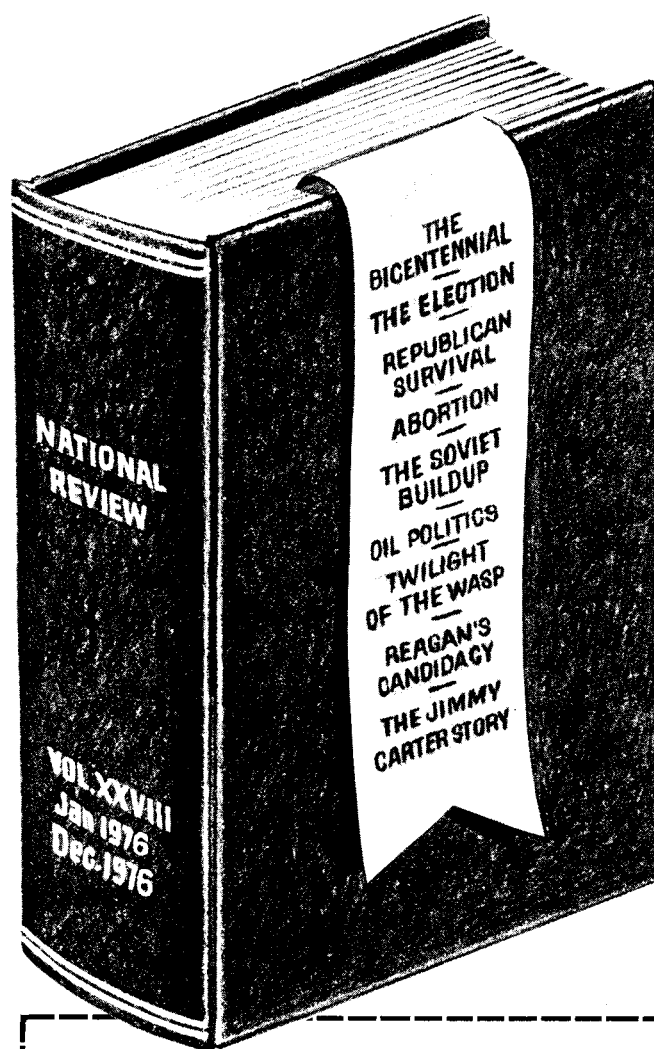
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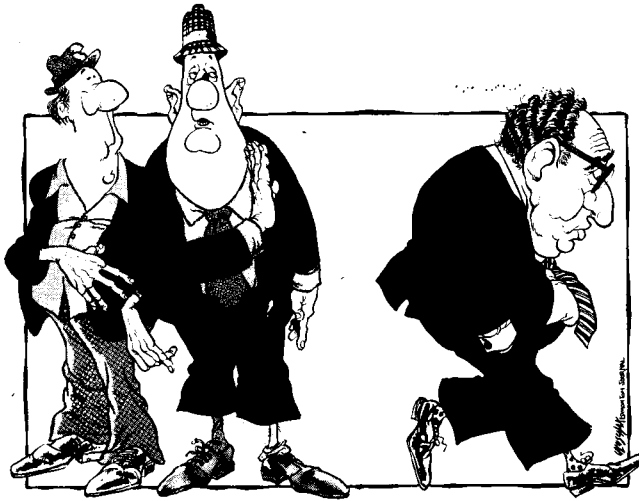
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FOR THE RECORD

■ What to expect, realistically, from the **Carter** Administration? Treasury Secretary **Michael Blumenthal**, while he says that zero unemployment is the ideal goal, does not expect to get it down below 6.5 per cent before year's end. . . . HEW Secretary **Joseph Califano** says there won't be any action, this year at least, on national health insurance; too expensive. First priorities, he says, will be job legislation and welfare reform. . . . **Joan Claybrook**, who heads Congress Watch, a **Ralph Nader** outfit, has high hopes the consumerists will be able to push through an Agency for Consumer Protection this year. She points out that legislation to that effect passed both Houses last year but died in conference under **Ford** veto threat. . . . **Karen DeCrow**, of the National Organization of Women, is ecstatic over Indiana passage of ERA, the Equal Rights (for women) Amendment. A call from **Rosalynn Carter** to a wavering state senator turned the tide. That makes it 35 states approving, of a total of 38 needed for passage. . . . **Barry Goldwater**, in a speech on the floor, has urged Jimmy Carter not to break diplomatic relations with Taiwan. . . . And Minority Leader **Howard Baker** sees hard times ahead for the new President. "He'll be challenged, and fast. He hasn't one Democratic Party behind him but three: the traditional conservatives, the classical liberals, and the neo-populists."

■ On those nomination hearings: It was much noted in Washington that Sen. **Edward Kennedy** was not among the witnesses prepared to testify on the behalf of **Ted Sorensen**. . . . To **George McGovern's** statement, after the Soren-



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal*

"Sad case—used to be Henry Kissinger, you know."

sen withdrawal, that "The ghost of **Joe McCarthy** still stalks the land," the *Washington Post* commented editorially: his words are, "in this context, absurd." . . . Not all black leaders opposed the nomination of **Griffin Bell** to be Attorney General. Among those who felt they could live with that nomination, the Rev. **Ralph David Abernathy** of **Martin Luther King's** Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and **Roy Innis** of **CORE**. **CORE** does not believe, as does the NAACP, that bus-ing is the royal road to integration.

■ Some international summings-up: **Amnesty International** reports that 99 Soviet dissidents have been imprisoned and another 15 incarcerated in mental hospitals in the 15 months since the signing of the Helsinki accords. . . . The **Communist Party of Italy** admits to its greatest deficit ever in 1976 but adds, virtuously, that this is because it has refused all contributions from bad old Moscow and from bad old industrialists. . . . The Swedes have found that the new government they voted in to replace **Olof Palme's** Social Democrats has done nothing to lower their

taxes or cut back the runaway social-welfare budgets. New taxes will bring the price of cigarettes to \$1.90 a pack, whiskey to \$17 a bottle. Sweden's foreign aid is up 13.5 per cent, with the aid going to Vietnam, India, Bangladesh, Tanzania, Mozambique, Angola, and black nationalist guerrilla groups in southern Africa.

■ Some valedictories: On January 21, **Robert Strauss** resigned his job as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, which he took on in the wake of the McGovern debacle. In the intervening four years the Democrats have made a net gain of 48 House seats, seven Senate seats, six governors, and one President. "It will be a hard act to follow," said Mr. Strauss modestly. . . . **Mary Louise Smith** resigned as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, having lost ditto, ditto, ditto, and ditto, to be replaced by **William Brock**, the centrist candidate. . . . **Nelson Rockefeller** said a sentimental farewell to the Senate, over which he had presided since becoming Vice President. Rockefeller spoke four times to the Senate in all: once to introduce himself, once to say farewell, and twice to apologize to Democratic senators. . . . **Henry Kissinger**, on being named an honorary member of the Harlem Globetrotters, commented: "It is an honor to be associated with a group whose won-and-lost record was certainly better than my own. My only worry is how I will look in short pants." . . . And a nameless Washington correspondent, taking note of the number of **Establishmentarians** on the Carter team, mused: "If this is Carter's idea of populism, what would elitism be like?"

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After all, why should you care if I make a \$9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth at least a *hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K. — now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary — to prove that sending me 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth \$100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at

our mountain "cabin." I paid \$30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging \$25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and a postage stamp. But what if I'm right?

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THE WEEK

■ Prior to the festivities the great question was whether Billy Carter would wear his tire gauge inside or outside his tuxedo.

■ In December, Northrop Corporation delivered to the Air Force its 3,000th aircraft in its series of F-5/T-38 fighters and trainers—and every one of those 3,000, boasts Northrop, “has been delivered on schedule, within the contract price, and has met or exceeded all performance guarantees.” Maybe that’s why you don’t read about Northrop much on the front pages.

■ On February 8, members of the United Steelworkers Union go to the polls to elect a new president, choosing between Ed Sadlowski, who presents himself as the champion of the “little guy,” and Lloyd McBride, the candidate of the regular organization. But ideologically, Sadlowski’s “populism” has led him down some strange paths. Last year he attended a dinner honoring Ernest DeMaoi, UN representative of the Soviet-controlled World Federation of Trade Unions, whose chairman is Aleksandr Shelepin, former head of the KGB. Sadlowski’s name appeared last October on a list supporting a Popular Front effort (an alliance of leftists and Communists) in the Pittsburgh area. Other names listed were Herbert Aptheker, the Communist candidate for senator from New York, and Valery Shestakov, head of the International Department of the Soviet Coal Miners Union, among others. Sadlowski himself advocates dropping the anti-Communist clause from the United Steelworkers constitution.

■ *Wall Street Journal* columnist John O’Riley took a look last week at our economy—which, the experts tell us, is “stagnant” and needs “stimulation” to reduce unemployment—and discovered that it has produced, in the last decade, more new jobs than in either of the two preceding decades. Furthermore, job creation has outpaced population growth, 21 per cent to 10 per cent. But if the employment rate is rising, how can the unemployment rate be so high? For two reasons, says O’Riley. First (as Arthur Laffer explains in detail on page 148 of this issue), transfer payments discourage the out-of-work from getting new jobs. Second, it’s a matter of definition: “unemployment” does not just mean people are being thrown out of work; if a housewife, for example, decides to enter the job market for the first time, she automatically becomes “unemployed.”

■ On January 4, the *Washington Post* published a column by Joseph Kraft in which he divided U.S. foreign-policy advisors into “the repenters” and “the righteous,”

finding that a better description, post-Vietnam, than dove and hawk. The repenters are those who first supported the Vietnam War and have since changed their minds about it. The righteous are those who have feared the Soviet menace all along and continue to do so. Kraft went on to charge that it is the repenters who have been co-opted into the Carter Administration and that, in consequence, the righteous have gone public with leaks about Soviet intentions and American unpreparedness in order to, in effect, blackmail Carter into bolstering defense budgets. On January 15, two of “the righteous” replied in the letters column of the *Post*. Albert Wohlstetter, accused by Kraft of having tried to put pressure on Carter by a series of articles in *Foreign Affairs* pointing up deficiencies in our strategic arms programs and concepts, asks how he could have been trying to put pressure on Carter when his series of articles started in October 1974. Paul Nitze, former Deputy Secretary of Defense, attacks Kraft for impugning his motives in trying to alert the nation to the danger of unpreparedness, and suggests that Joseph Kraft, and other liberals who are opposed to higher defense budgets, debate the facts and not the phantasms of the issue. Not a bad idea.

■ Ramon Mercader has just been made a Hero of the Soviet Union, Gold Star—an award roughly equivalent to the U.S. Medal of Honor or the British Victoria Cross. With the exception of one episode long receded into the mist of the past, Mercader—a Spaniard by birth—has had an inconspicuous, humdrum Communist life. During twenty quiet years in a Mexican jail, he never even mentioned his own name. When he was let out in 1960, he went to Cuba and then dropped out of sight. He reappeared a few years later in Prague, where he joined a group of Spanish Communist exiles. In 1968, finding the Dubcek Spring climate unsympathetic, he shifted to Moscow. There, as in Prague, he did a bit of translating, editing, and lecturing to earn his modest keep. Hardly the sort of career that wins a top honor from a powerful and discriminating government. But there was one, and only one, act of Mercader’s by which he qualified, and which the Soviet government evidently thinks can now be, in effect, publicly acknowledged by this public award. On August 21, 1940, pursuant to Stalin’s orders, he drove an alpenstock deep—deep enough—into the brain of Stalin’s great adversary, Leon Trotsky.

Jerry Ford Sings ‘Smiles’

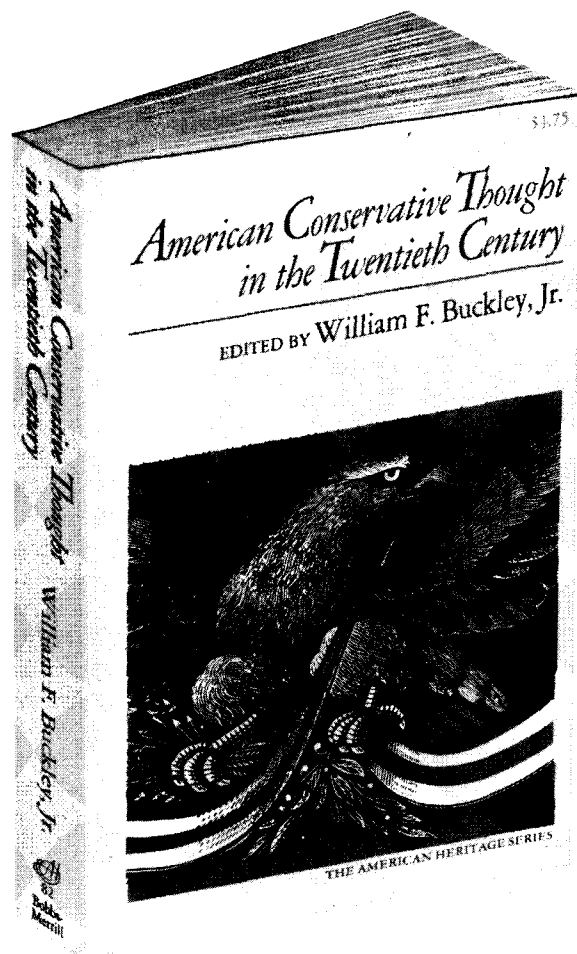
There are smiles that make me chuckle;
There are smiles that make me glow;
There are smiles for kicking up my tootsies
When the ski tow flies above the snow;
There are smiles for Betty in the morning;
There are smiles whenever I snafu;
But the smiles without the slightest meaning
Are the smiles that I gave to you.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

One of the biggest disasters—that weren't in American history occurred in December, when the tanker *Argo Merchant* ran aground off Nantucket and began to cough up its cargo of oil. The reactions were neo-Chicken Little. Russell Train, the Environmental Protection Agency director, who, rumor has it, still hopes to click with the Carter people, called it "the biggest oil-spill disaster on the American coast in our history." Senator Kennedy, as is his wont, held hearings. The networks covered it around the clock; NBC called it "an ecological disaster to marine life" and predicted that the black muck would spread across the ocean floor, wiping out such bottom-dwelling species as lobsters, crabs, flounders, and scallops. So convincing were the media predictions of disaster that a group of Cape Cod fishermen sued the owners and the captain of the *Argo Merchant* for \$60 million for destroying their livelihood.

It was perhaps one of the most widely publicized and comprehensively covered disasters in American history. But the problem is that it didn't happen. In fact, today they can't find the oil. It never reached the prime Georges Bank fishing grounds. It never touched those lobsters and crabs and scallops.

In fact, it never hit the bottom at all. As the Coast Guard kept trying to tell anyone who would listen, the *Argo Merchant* carried #6 fuel oil, and #6 fuel oil is significantly lighter than sea water. There is no way, in other words, that it could blanket the bottom, as NBC confidently told us it would. Eventually, according to the Coast Guard, floating #6 fuel oil can coagulate into tar balls that will sink to the bottom. But these balls have hard outer surfaces and are inert and non-toxic.

What did happen to the oil, says the Coast Guard, was predictable. It drifted around on top of the water until the spill began to break up, and then the waves and the wind carried it out to sea. True, two oiled birds washed up on Nantucket, and the picture of one of them immediately made it to the front page of the *New York Times*. Other birds were later recovered, but they were only moderately oiled.

All in all, then, nothing happened. But neither NBC nor the other networks have yet bothered to tell us that it didn't, and many Americans who watched the coverage and listened to the official reaction no doubt believe it did. And many in the House and Senate are encouraging their constituents to continue to feel that way. The spill and others like it are being used by those opposed to offshore leasing as an excuse to renew their calls for a

moratorium. And the proponents of oil industry divestiture are using spills as yet another reason for calling for legislation to break up the oil companies. This all defies logic, of course. Offshore drilling bears no relation to leaky Liberian tankers. Nor would breaking up the oil companies in any way improve the quality of the fleet. But divestiture is primarily an emotional issue, fueled more by a hatred of big business than by a belief that divestiture would somehow lower prices and increase supplies. Because it is an emotional issue, oil industry spokesmen here fear that the emotions aroused by oil spills can translate into negative feelings about oil in general.

Divestiture proponents here no longer believe they can muster the votes required to pass comprehensive vertical-divestiture legislation. But Senator Abourezk's horizontal-divestiture bill, which would prohibit oil companies from participating in the development and production of alternative sources of energy, is still very much alive, and its backers believe that with a few more oil spills they'll be able to plant firmly in the public mind the image of a greedy industry hell-bent on making profits at the expense of our shorelines and seafood industry. Given the right sort of coverage, a disaster that wasn't can be almost as effective as a disaster that was. —CATO

■ KISSINGER ERA, SYNECDOCHE DEPT.: Irina McClellan is a Soviet citizen who lives in Moscow. Her un-Russian last name was acquired in 1974 when she married an American professor from the University of Virginia. His visa expired shortly after their marriage and he was forced to return home. Ever since then, Mrs. McClellan has been seeking permission from Soviet authorities to emigrate to America. Early last year, Secretary Kissinger, upon his return from the SALT negotiations in Moscow, contacted Mr. McClellan and asked him not to raise the matter with the press since Moscow promised a decision in May. The McClellans obliged. There was no May decision and there wasn't one until December 29, when Mrs. McClellan was summoned to the Office of Visas and Registrations. The director told her her husband was refused a visa to see her and she was refused emigration because her case was "complicated." Shortly afterward, Mrs. McClellan, in an interview with a *New York Times* Moscow correspondent, expressed her belief that Kissinger took a year and a half from her life. "We were quiet," she said, "and he didn't do anything."

■ Some of the questions and offhand comments by the

Soviet MiG pilot who defected in Japan have given a picture of Soviet air force life which, if it is accurate, makes the active-duty frontier air base sound not too different from Ivan Denisovich's prison camp. The enlisted men there, he said, were quartered behind barbed wire in barracks with fifty or sixty men to a room, going for months without contact with their families; sergeants and enlisted men often commit suicide—"as many as five a month"—and the desertion rate is high, even though deserters are shot dead if captured. Lieutenant Belenko, who is now being debriefed in the United States, was astonished by the amount and quality of food served on American bases, by the fraternization among officers and enlisted men, and by the sight of crews handling takeoffs and landings "without ever being given an order and without anyone shouting at them." "If my regiment could see five minutes of what I saw today," he said, "there would be a revolution."

■ More on the new Vietnam. A recently expelled priest tells of "re-education camps" in secret locations, to which dissidents and other enemies of the people are sent, without trial or appeal. There they receive little food,

no medical care, lots of manual labor, and nightly propaganda and self-criticism sessions. Very few are released—less than 1 per cent of at least 300,000 detainees—and most of those freed are allowed to go only because they are dying. Worse still are the “new economic zones,” transfer to which is virtually a death sentence for old people and children. These are uninhabited areas where prisoners are forced to clear the land and build their own settlements, at risk of malaria and other diseases; hygienic prevention is difficult, since there is little water and no medication or even soap. Scattered armed resistance to the Communists continues, combatted by provocateurs who trap those villagers who would cooperate with the rebels. Buddhists are persecuted, their pagodas closed down, and their leaders caused to vanish. (Catholics are more fortunate, since, unlike Buddhists, they have co-religionists abroad whose displeasure the Communists fear, at least for the time being.) As many as 20,000 Vietnamese are said to have killed themselves—sometimes whole families have done so together—rather than face the disaster of separation and relocation.

■ **LET NINETY-NINE FLOWERS BLOOM DEPT.:** Headline, *New York Times*, page 1, section 1, January 2: “Peking Looks to ’77 as Auguring an Era of Liberal Policies.” Headline, page 1, section 4, same day: “Hua Says 1977 Is Year of the Purge.”

■ Notes from the underground: Bernardine Dohrn, the FBI’s most-wanted rad, has lofted a message to her colleagues on the West Coast denouncing her “white, male supremacist colleagues” and their “counterrevolutionary politics.” A counterrevolutionary gang of four Weather Undergrounders—Jeff Jones, Bill Ayres, and two others who go by the pseudonyms Joe Reed and Celia Sojourn—are accused of allowing director Emile de Antonio, a Weather groupie, to make a movie of the organization in order, says the opposition, to “sanitize the image of the organization” and raise money for lawyers to handle the gang of four’s planned “inversion,” i.e., surfacing. The counterrevolutionary four, according to the Dohrn clique, plan to make overtures to the Democratic Party in which they would offer information about GOP break-ins in exchange for kind treatment by the Justice Department. Although the four seem to have all the qualifications, it’s doubtful they will be able to surface in time to get a shot at the CIA vacancy.

■ New York’s Episcopal Bishop Paul Moore Jr., who may not be holier than thou but is sure as heck liberaler, has ordained a new priest, avowed lesbian Ellen Marie Barrett. “Homosexuality is a condition which one does not choose,” Bishop Moore explained; “it is not a question of morality. Historically, many of the finest clergy in our church have had this personality structure.” Hollywood is reportedly planning to present the Reverend Barrett’s story in a remake of *Going My Way*.

■ Oops. The Navy seems to have misplaced 93 one-ton anchors, or maybe it was 358 one-ton anchors. Which is not so easy to do—could you do it? The anchors were rusting in peace in a California shipyard, so a supply officer declared them surplus and called the junkman, who hauled off 265. But the records said there had been 358, leaving 93 anchors AWOL. An inquiry followed, and it was decided to resolve the problem by declaring that the wrong anchors had been junked, leaving all 358 anchors AWOL. Case closed. We’ll always wonder.

■ In a landmark civil-liberties case, U.S. District Court Judge Gerhard A. Gesell has ruled that a person cannot be arrested merely for calling a policeman a “jive-ass cop” and a whackbleeper, original expletive unprintable. These words, said the judge, do not “create a substantial risk of violence” and are in fact “everyday expressions that punctuate everyday street language,” therefore presumably falling under the Nonviolent Everyday Street Expressions clause of the First Amendment.

■ After five years of trials culminating in a decision by the 13 justices of the European Court of Human Rights, a sex-education guide for English schoolchildren has been declared obscene.

■ Too much Perry Mason did Marshall G. Cummings in. Accused of purse snatching, Cummings told the judge he would like to defend himself. Go ahead, said His Honor. Cummings to the victim on the stand: “Did you get a good look at my face when I took your purse?” Ten years, said the judge.

Heard round the World

Because of its unusual aspects, the Gilmore execution is now being downgraded as a precedent for the further imposition of capital punishment. Gilmore admitted his guilt and actively sought execution—a set of circumstances that will not often be repeated. Nevertheless, those opposing his execution did not take such a view during the legal struggle, and they were probably right. The execution of Gilmore does mean that a judicial, psychological, and symbolic threshold has been crossed.

For one thing, the tortuous process of legal appeal through which the case passed—including the farcical late-hour stay issued by Judge Ritter—means that a sizable segment of American officialdom has now played a role in the negative conclusion regarding Gilmore. The process was lengthy, painful, and often embarrassing, but it involved a great many people and it issued in *that* conclusion. It thus possessed a massive quality, reflecting in its way the formation of a national consensus: some 70 per cent of the American people now favor capital punishment.

Some will say, are saying, that Gilmore’s execution

represents a return to barbarism. But this is not what those four shots fired in Utah will say to most people here and abroad.

It is worth taking a moment to reflect upon what, at its deepest level, the meaning of capital punishment actually is. The huge popular majorities who now favor it are doubtless moved by many motives and considerations, not all of them noble, but they probably grasp, however dimly, a profound truth.

If death itself is the greatest evil, even Gilmore's death, then no other values can be sustained. The principled opponents of capital punishment present themselves, often, as benign humanitarians; but the other side of that coin is near-nihilism.

If survival is the supreme value, then it follows that all other values will be subordinated to it and, if necessary, sacrificed. Threatened with death, the individual will lie, betray, torture, kill. Nothing will stand before the imperative of survival. If survival prevailed as the supreme value, man would be reduced to the mere biological idol he would then worship.

The State of Utah, the judicial process, and the national consensus have now said that Gary Gilmore's personal survival was not the supreme value. Oddly enough, Gilmore himself often seemed to be saying the same thing. In so saying, all of these people in effect "liberated" an entire structure of other values, without which civilization would be impossible. That is the real message which may be heard round the world, and, if so, Gary Gilmore will be much more than a footnote to legal history.

The Sorensen Caper

No doubt a rational motive of sorts can be discerned for Carter's designation of Ted Sorensen as Director of CIA, but the whole episode, culminating in Sorensen's withdrawal under fire, has about it the look of a political Amateur Hour and provides surprising evidence of political incompetence at the highest levels of the Carter operation.

The original reasoning must have gone something like this: Sorensen gained a plus from his early support for Carter in New York. He also provided a link with the Kennedy era, and Carter—earlier at least—seemed pleased to be known as "Kennedyesque." Moreover, Sorensen, though a schematic liberal, is also a "President's man," conspicuously loyal to patron and power. Since the CIA has come under intense and damaging liberal assault, so the Carterites must have reasoned, why not let Sorensen take over and neutralize some of the criticism?

Very bright. The Carterites, however, forgot to make the appropriate entries in the negative column of the ledger: Sorensen's ambiguous position as a pacifist in the past, his embarrassing role in Chappaquiddick, his history as a leaker and his public support for Ellsberg,

his total inexperience in the intelligence field, the lack of confidence in him among those with whom he would have to work in the national security area, even his three marriages.

Given these factors, and the open (and predictable) hostility of powerful senators, including Democrats and liberals, it remained for Sorensen to provide a touch of comedy by naming as principals in his prospective defeat the John Birch Society, the Liberty Lobby, and the American Conservative Union.

This strange nomination produced the first important political defeat for Carter, and the entire ill-conceived affair augurs political trouble to come.

What Was Kissinger Saying?

In a farewell appearance January 10 before the National Press Club, Henry Kissinger, without naming his opponents, attacked the increasing number of prominent military and political persons who contend that the Soviet Union is out-distancing the U.S. in strategic weapons and will soon achieve, if it has not already achieved, strategic superiority. (See James Burnham's column in this issue.) "I do not believe," Kissinger declared, "that the Soviet Union is achieving military supremacy over the United States. I do not believe that any American Administration would permit a situation to arise in which the Soviet Union could achieve strategic superiority over the United States. But the essence of the contemporary problem in the military field is that the term 'supremacy,' when casualties will be in the tens of millions, has practically no operational significance as long as we do what is necessary to maintain a balance."

This skirmish was a vintage Kissinger performance: the flexible ambiguity between "supremacy" and "superiority"; the logic-obscuring references to "casualties . . . in the tens of millions" (were there not tens of millions of casualties in both World I and World War II?); the erasure of the primary thesis by the concluding qualification, "as long as we do what is necessary to maintain a balance"; the glossing over of the fact that most of these unnamed opponents against whom he is arguing are or were his colleagues in the departing Administration, headed by its Secretary of Defense and its President.

Kissinger is correct in implying that the concept of strategic "superiority" as between two superpowers armed with a vast array of colossal weapons is obscure, but it does not for that reason become altogether meaningless. No one will doubt that both the nuclear-armed U.S. and the nuclear-armed Soviet Union have, individually, strategic superiority over nuclear-armed China or Britain or France, not to mention non-nuclear nations. However, it seems plausible that what is really at issue in Kissinger's remarks, as he indirectly suggests, is not a scientific determination of relative military strength, but a dispute over the primary emphasis in military policy for the period ahead: Kissinger putting first, in

accord with the implicit dictates of detente, more SALT negotiations with Moscow and more accords on limiting arms; his opponents insisting that, SALT or no SALT, priority should be given to more and better weapons.

Cake without Bakers

Having discovered that his political support is strongest among the poor and the unemployed, President Carter has proposed a plan to increase the number of poor and unemployed.

The problem with the \$7- to \$11-billion tax rebate is that it is temporary and based on past earnings. Neither businessmen nor consumers will make long-term plans, such as building a factory or buying a house, on the basis of a temporary windfall. And giving people a break on last year's taxes does nothing to encourage them to earn more in the current year.

The problem with more public works and public jobs is that somebody has to pay for them, thus destroying private jobs, and that the programs are slow to start and even harder to stop.

The problem with the tiny permanent tax reduction is that it is not permanent at all, but will be quickly eroded by inflation.

And the problem with conventional fiscal policy in general is that there is no evidence that another \$32 billion in deficit spending will produce the intended effect at the appropriate time. Fine-tuning doesn't work. Taxpayers will have to pay higher taxes in the future to pay interest on the added debt, and the unproductive nature of the Carter package means that future taxpayers won't get much for their money.

Concentrating tax breaks on lower income groups, as Carter proposes, is a sneaky way of increasing the progressiveness of the tax structure and an effective way of discouraging productive effort. Only about 3 per cent of all tax returns were subject to marginal tax rates of

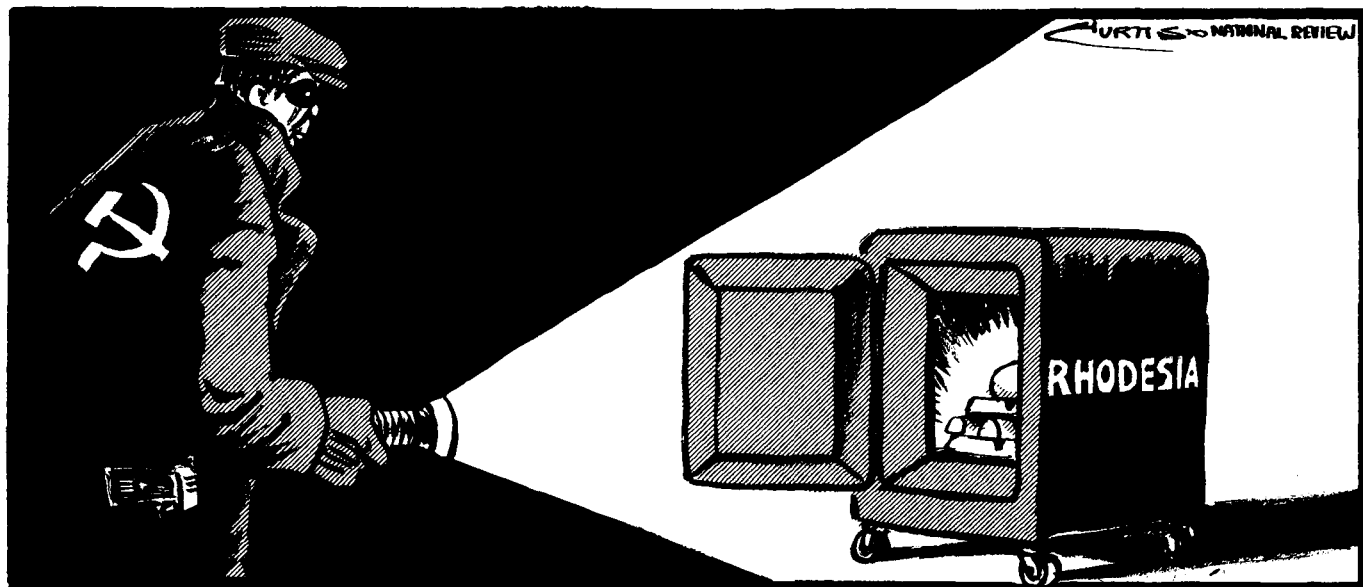
more than 30 per cent in the early Sixties; now, nearly a third are in those brackets.

Council 16 of the Teamsters Union has noted that the top 11.5 per cent of American families, those earning more than \$25,000 in 1974, had an average of about 2.5 family members working. Nicholas Kisburg of the Teamsters complained about the egalitarian tax proposals at election time: "What the candidates see as a fat golden goose is more likely two or three scrawny birds scratching harder for their family." They might stop scratching. The percentage of men aged 45 to 54 who are neither working nor seeking work has risen steadily from 11.2 per cent in 1955 to 21.9 per cent in 1975.

A tax policy to promote real growth rather than transitory spending by favorite groups must begin by adjusting taxes to reflect inflation and eliminating the double taxation of dividends. The new Ford budget tackled the first of these meaningful reforms, and Representative Al Ullman's Ways and Means Committee is considering the second. But Carter's grab-bag of federal handouts, temporary tax cuts, and punitive taxes on two-earner families is considerably worse than doing nothing.

Direct Election Of the President

Abolition of the Electoral College has been for the most part a liberal theme, and this year liberal Senator Birch Bayh has proposed abolition via a constitutional amendment providing for direct popular election of the President. As chairman of the Constitutional Amendments Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, Bayh is well positioned to expedite such an amendment. In the past, conservatives have resisted abolition as a) tending to weaken the principle of federalism, and b) tending to diminish the electoral clout of the smaller and generally more conservative states.



Columnist Kevin Phillips, however, thinks the idea of direct popular election deserves to be re-examined from a non-liberal perspective, and he presents some strong reasons for doing so. "Since the early Sixties," writes Phillips, "there has been a regrettable tendency for new Presidents of both parties to continue the very policies that people had thought they were voting against." He points out that Nixon, for example, largely maintained the Great Society programs, even increasing urban welfare programs, school busing, job quotas, and other racial-balance schemes. "Comes now Jimmy Carter," continues Phillips, "also quick to betray November constituencies. . . . Polls have shown that the biggest reason for non-voting lies in the public belief that politicians say one thing and do another. If this is true, and I think it is, the two-party system is unfortunately a prime culprit. Both major parties are strongly influenced by the same New York-Washington law firms, by the same Wall Street banks and investment houses, and even by the same university and think-tank people. . . . Arguably, the state-by-state, winner-take-all electoral vote framework, operating to make new party formations and independent protest movements all but futile, is the legal shield behind which the two-party system avoids responding to popular will. Abolish the Electoral College and state ballot restrictions on independent presidential candidacies must wither away. New parties will be able to press popular demands that can now be ignored (or fuddled with election-year lies)."

Phillips may have a point here. Surely the designers of the Constitution, though distrustful of transient majorities, did not intend to insulate government from the popular will to the degree we now experience. Jimmy Carter, before embracing the Establishment, triumphed in the primaries by attacking just that unresponsiveness. It would be ironic if Senator Birch Bayh, the quintessential liberal establishmentarian, Senator Abortion Welfare Busing Quotas himself, were to come forward with the constitutional remedy.

Hot Air v. Heated Homes

The Northeast's major problem, as its politicians see it, is the cost of energy. Dependent on high-priced foreign crude to heat its homes and run its factories, the Northeast can't compete with the South and West. The only possible solution they see is Sunbelt money for Arab petrol.

There is another solution, nuclear energy, but the Northeastern pols have "serious reservations" about it. The energy plan of Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis found nuclear energy to be, according to Warren Brookes of the *Boston Herald*, "of uncertain economic benefits" to New England. Mr. Brookes, however, happened to list some of the "uncertain economic benefits" to New England of the nuclear plants already in operation: 1) Almost 30 per cent of electrical power

now generated in New England comes from nuclear plants. 2) These plants are now generating power at less than half the cost of oil. In 1975, the cost of oil generating was \$3.34/KWH; of nuclear, \$1.23/KWH. 3) Massachusetts' Energy Policy Office estimates that in 1974, if New England had not had 16 per cent of its power from nuclear plants, the oil costs to consumers would have been \$175 million more than they were. 4) In the last three years, it is estimated that nuclear power has saved New England electricity consumers over \$720 million in oil costs alone, amounting to 70 million barrels of oil (or 100 *Argo Merchants*). That is why, says Brookes, "the overwhelming majority of responsible scientists, economists, and industrial experts now agree that the economic future of New England for the next twenty years depends in part on the expanded development of safe nuclear power."

Although the vast majority of the people in the Northeast align themselves on the side of the scientific, economic, and industrial community, the development of nuclear energy has been pretty successfully stifled by a powerful opposition—public-interest groups who think nuclear energy dangerous and impractical and favor the much more practical harnessing of solar, windmill, or garbage power.

Deviating into Sense

In a ruling that is legally, politically, and ethically sound—and withal commonsensical—the U.S. Supreme Court has decided, by a 5 to 3 majority, that the near-lily white Chicago suburb of Arlington Heights did not act in contravention of the Constitution when it refused to alter its zoning laws to permit the construction in its midst of a racially integrated housing development for low- and middle-income people. The United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit had found previously that Arlington Heights had violated the Fourteenth Amendment because the *practical effect* of its refusal was to exclude minority-group members from moving into the community. But the Supreme Court ruled that the suburb could not be said to have acted unconstitutionally unless it could be proved that it had acted with *deliberate intent to discriminate*.

The reverberations of the Court's ruling are going to ripple out like geological shock waves: the Arlington case is certain to have a powerful effect upon anti-discrimination suits brought not only in the area of housing but in all the multitudinous spheres in which the egalitarian thrust collides with concrete human reality.

The Supreme Court, for example, based this most recent decision upon its finding last year in *Washington v. Davis*, in which the plaintiff argued that the entrance examinations for the District of Columbia's police department were unconstitutional by virtue of the fact that a greater proportion of blacks than whites flunked them. Not so, said the Court—an official act does not flout the

Constitution "solely because it has a racially disproportionate impact." Also last year, the Supreme Court vacated the ruling of a lower court which had imposed upon the city of Austin, Texas, a broad school-desegregation plan: the Court for the Fifth Circuit, wrote Mr. Justice Lewis Powell, "may have erred by a readiness to impute to Austin school officials a segregative intent far more pervasive than the evidence justified." Even the noisily debated issue of the constitutionality of capital punishment is likely to be affected, one of the arguments of the opponents of the supreme penalty being that a disproportionate number of those inmates on Death Row are black—a circumstance that renders the punishment itself "racist," in the words of one lawyer for the NAACP.

A Parfit Gentil Knight

Our newspapers and magazines, with their usual generosity, have been opening their columns lately to a carefully planned Communist propaganda campaign designed, in this instance, to portray Santiago Carrillo, boss of the Spanish Communist Party, as the white knight of democracy, peace, and freedom. Interviews in which Carrillo overflows with gentility and sweet reason are blossoming by the dozen. Concerned commentators tell us that full legalization of Carrillo's party is the acid test of the good will and democratic intentions of Spain's post-Franco government.

From the sidelines, though, a few unmannerly curmudgeons murmur that 'twas not always thus that Señor sweetness-and-light Carrillo presented himself to the world. They recall when Santiago Carrillo was known as the "Assassin of Paracuellos." Hugh Thomas, the best known historian of the Spanish Civil War—anti-Franco in general political outlook—recounts how Carrillo won that epithet. Carrillo, though only 21 at the beginning of the war in 1936, became the Republican government's chief of public order in Madrid and vicinity. Under his supervision, four months after the fighting started, mass executions of political prisoners were carried out in Paracuellos, a suburb of Madrid; in Madrid itself; and in nearby San Fernando and Torrejón. In several hun-

dred cases there are authenticated lists of the victims, with dates of execution—including 105 prisoners taken on November 27, 1936 from the Antón jail and shot. In all, thousands of prisoners were taken from Madrid prisons in that month and were never subsequently heard from.

It was also Carrillo who, in this same period of the war, violated the principle of diplomatic immunity by ordering the assault on the Finnish embassy in order to seize and imprison Spaniards who had taken asylum there.

Carrillo's style, actually, was set even earlier in his career. In 1934 he was a top leader of the Socialist Youth when its militants killed a Falangist student, Matías Montero. In a speech to a Socialist Youth meeting seven months later (a year and a half before the war started), Carrillo told his comrades: "Don't be weak. Squashing an agent provocateur should give us the same sensation as squashing a cockroach."

It was only a little more than a year ago—on October 10, 1975, while Franco lay dying—that the voice of the old Carrillo was still firmly sounding: "I do not condemn violence. I am not opposed to violence. I accept it when it is necessary, and if the revolution in Spain calls for violence, as it has in other countries, I will be ready to carry it out."

Beyond Brezhnev?

Back in 1968, after Soviet troops marched into Czechoslovakia to put an end to Aleksandr Dubcek's "Prague Spring," Leonid Brezhnev enunciated a new Soviet policy which has come to be known as the Brezhnev Doctrine. This, in effect, was his rationale for sending his tanks into Czechoslovakia. He declared that it was the duty of the socialist motherland, the USSR, to protect its socialist allies and friends whenever they were threatened by imperialism and reaction. It was a warning to the Western powers and to NATO to keep hands off the domain that Russia had carved out for itself in Eastern Europe during and immediately after World War II. Whether the Brezhnev Doctrine could be stretched to cover Yugoslavia, the maverick, was uncertain.

Now that doctrine has been expanded. In a little-noted speech to the ninth Party Congress last spring, East Germany's leader, Erich Honecker, declared:

"The class mission of the armed forces is to defend effectively, side by side with their comrades-in-arms of the glorious Soviet army and the other armies of the socialist countries, the socialist system and the peaceable life of the citizens of the socialist community against all attacks by the aggressive forces of imperialism and reaction."

This seemed clearly to go beyond preserving the territorial integrity of the Warsaw Pact nations. It would seem to be a warning to the West not to interfere with going socialist (Communist) regimes in Cuba, for in-

The Suburbs Win One

The judges on the Burger court
 Agree by five to three
 That zoning shall be left to each
 Municipality.
 I only pray that liberals
 Who fled from blight and smut
 To safe suburban greenery
 Will keep their big mouths shut.

W. H. VON DREELE

stance, in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos, in Mozambique, Somalia, and Angola.

In a follow-up speech to Honecker's, East Germany's Defense Minister, General Heinz Hoffmann, was even more specific. We have, he said, "demonstrated the high defense potential of socialism as a guarantee of world peace and political and social progress. This," he added, "applies to all countries of the globe, *even to the capitalist states.*" (Italics added.)

The extension of this logic would be that any state that goes Communist cannot be retrieved without the threat of Soviet and satellite retaliation, whereas all other states—free, semi-free, or authoritarian—are fair game for the forces of "socialism, peace, and progress." It further suggests—"socialist community"—that Soviet and/or satellite military support might be given to Communist movements *not yet in power* in "all countries of the globe."

These East German statements were made last May. By late summer, they were being applied in Angola where Cuban troops backed by Soviet tanks, planes, and guns foisted the Marxist government of Agostinho Neto on the Angolan people. The next big question is: What will happen when Tito dies? Could Yugoslavia then be invaded by Warsaw Pact forces now stationed in neighboring Hungary and Bulgaria under the Brezhnev-Honecker Doctrine? And what, further in the future, will be the Kremlin's reaction to grabs for power by the Communist parties of Italy and France—and possibly Portugal and Spain?

The debate now raging in Washington is on strategic arms and nuclear deterrents; the threat to Western Europe may be more conventional—Soviet tanks pouring into the Po Valley.

Toward the Second Bicentennial

As the official celebration of the bicentennial of the signing of the Declaration of Independence was at least a decade in the making, it is surely not too soon to look ahead to 1989 and the Second Bicentennial Jubilee, commemorating the investiture of the Federal Government of the United States of America under the aegis of the Constitution.

An article entitled "Toward the Restoration of the American Political Tradition," written by Messrs. George W. Carey and James McClellan and published in the August 1976 issue of the *Journal of Politics*, provokes suspicions that the Second Bicentennial will be celebrated, in some circles, with qualified enthusiasm or even as the two-hundredth anniversary of the year the American people were sold down the river. Carey and McClellan argue, in a ground-breaking analysis, that the Declaration and the Constitution were perceived as harmonious until Herbert Croly, Charles Beard, J.



"—and then my career went into a mysterious tailspin during Scoundrel Time, but I'm back with a vengeance."

Franklin Jameson, and Vernon Parrington found it desirable, in the service of a progressive vision echoed in popular political rhetoric, to posit a fundamental antagonism between them.

In the revised version of the American tradition, the Declaration was a radical document, the Constitution a conservative, and even reactionary, one. The motive behind this academic enterprise was, so Carey and McClellan believe, the desire to formulate a "new traditionalism" which rests not upon the carefully balanced limitations of the Constitution but upon the sonorous rhetoric of the Declaration, and which can be made to justify that "higher type of associated life" that Croly believed to be indispensable to the fulfillment of the American "National Promise." Accordingly, the consensus of the "new traditionalists" is that "The ideology of the Declaration and the Bill of Rights shaped our History," as the Chairman of the President's Commission on National Goals put it in 1960; for such folk, the Constitution is an archaic document which serves constantly to hinder the Crolys of this nation from forcing "equality" through positive government action.

To believe the progressive revisionists, however, you have to believe that the Founders first posited egalitarian goals and then designed a constitution to frustrate them. *Credo quia impossibile?*

Good News from the Campus

The Carnegie Council for Policy Studies in Higher Education has announced its latest survey findings, to wit, the nation's college campuses are generally more conservative than they were a half-dozen years ago. Those students calling themselves left-of-center now number 35 per cent, down from 45; self-described conservatives have increased from 19 per cent to 26. Opposition to the death penalty and to the grading system has fallen off drastically. About three-quarters believe in God,

the same proportion as in the last survey. Support for affirmative action and other double-standard policies has declined.

The facts aren't news, but the auspices make them more or less official. The survey's director, Berkeley sociologist Martin Trow, oddly qualifies its conclusions: "Students were certainly less radical in the late Sixties than the media suggested and than the demonstrations might have conveyed, and I think they are less conservative than some of the sentiments people are expressing today." Very well; then why not devise a poll cunning enough to elicit what they *really* think? Another way of looking at it is that people are usually more conservative than they let on. "Public opinion," whose peculiar power in America has struck observers since at least Tocqueville, may be defined as what each thinks all think, and generally reflects an artificial loftiness, notoriously refined of people's real and personal concerns. Lionel Trilling remarked that our culture fosters a form of assent that has little to do with real credence. During the Sixties, the pressures of "idealism" were especially intense, with what conservative impulses there were scorned or ignored; and the universities, with their privileged exemptions from common practical affairs, were natural hothouses for utopian flora. Eventually, however, the real world closed in, and in proportion as the Left's claims and dogmas became untenable, moderation became respectable. Today's student may well be different principally in having been relieved of the duty of paying lip service to the nobility of Angela Davis, César Chavez, and the Vietcong. He may still be more conservative than he sounds.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have just read Mr. Carroll's criticism ["Notes & Asides," Dec. 24] of my recent letter concerning running and exercise. I have been accused of several things in my short lifetime but, until now, masochism has never been one of them. In my defense, a few final words:

1. Mr. Carroll says he knows of no evidence that exercise lengthens life. Apparently he does not look very far. There is, for example, the extensive research done by Dr. Kenneth H. Cooper and many others. To my knowledge, the only anti-jogging article by a doctor published in recent times appeared in *Playboy* last year. Evidently, the doctor felt it more important for men to have lust in their hearts than oxygen.

2. Mr. Carroll asks why I get "in shape." Once I am in good physical condition I can enjoy exercise. It is no longer the terrible experience Mr. Carroll dreads. I

find running an excellent way to unwind and think things out after a hard day's work. Unfortunately, Mr. Carroll has probably never been in good enough shape to enjoy exercise.

3. I run for the same reason other men sail the seas or climb mountains. Each run I take is a journey and adventure for the mind and the body. But Mr. Carroll sees running as nothing more than double-time in the Army. He might just as well compare the *Cyrano* to a rubber life raft.

4. Mr. Carroll suggests I follow the example of his lethargic cat. My family has a somewhat more energetic cat who likes to climb trees. Should Mr. Carroll do likewise?

Respectfully yours,
Edward R. Koch
Hackensack, N.J.

■ Dear Bill:

You will, I am sure, be interested in the enclosed.

Cordially,
Clifford Forster
New York, N.Y.

Dear Clifford,

I've already received two issues of *NR* and I understand that I owe them to you. I hadn't seen *NR* for ten years or more. I'm pleased to rediscover its critical spirit, lucid vision, alert style, and intellectual courage. *NR* gives quite another picture of America from that which the reader of the *Herald Tribune* gets, notwithstanding that that paper is the best of those now being published in Paris (for international news). But one must guard against the illusion that a small elite can counterbalance the crushing weight of the two electoral machines which manipulate public opinion in your enormous continent.

Cordially,
Boris Souvarine
Paris, France

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re: Edgar Smith

Ha ha.

If you weren't such a snob, you wouldn't have been deceived by this man's being "a member of Mensa and author of two books" ["On the Right," *NR*, Jan. 21].

Big deal.

The only thing that means, obviously, is that he is just as full of intellectual bullshit as you are, and probably just as insufferable.

Carol Bachelder
Boise, Idaho

Dear Carol: When I knew him, he wasn't the author of any books, and had obviously spent most of his life with people like you or, at any rate, spoke as if he had.

Cordially,
—WFB

More Weapons for What? The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

DURING THE PAST year or so a good many persons have been sounding the alarm about what they declare to be the worsening position of U.S.-Western armament relative to Soviet armament. The main themes, first introduced by high-ranking NATO officers and ex-officers of several nationalities, were subsequently developed by, among others, Lieutenant General Daniel Graham, former head of the Defense Intelligence Agency, and former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger. Their messages have often echoed in the pages of *NR*.

In the past couple of weeks the chorus has swelled. On his retirement as chief of Air Force Intelligence at the end of 1976, Major General George Keegan Jr. made public a drastically negative estimate of relative U.S. military strength and prospects. Simultaneously, it was revealed that the Ford Administration had asked a civilian panel headed by Harvard Professor Richard Pipes to join the CIA staff in preparing the annual strategic estimate of the Soviet Union. This had reached conclusions not much short of Keegan's, if less flamboyantly expressed.

In his farewell address January 12, departing President Ford declared: "In past years our strategic forces leveled off. Yet the Soviet Union continued a steady, constant buildup of its own forces." The next day his Defense Secretary, Donald Rumsfeld, joined this turn-of-the-year combined operation that looks like a preventive thrust to thwart Jimmy Carter's intention—if he ever really had it—to cut the defense budget.

From the writings, speeches, and reports of this informal faction—hard or hawk, it is often called—these key propositions emerge:

1. The Soviet Union is ahead of the U.S. quantitatively in most weapons, and far ahead in total fire power.
2. NATO cannot stop a sudden Soviet offensive from Eastern Europe.
3. The Soviet Union is preparing for nuclear war, and aims to acquire a nuclear first-strike capability.
4. The Soviet Union already has or, if present trends continue, will soon have strategic superiority over the U.S.

These are not simple propositions. They are not simple even if we were, as we are not, certain of all the discrete facts about each missile, aircraft, submarine, radar, tank, ship, gun, and what-not the Soviets possess. Even then, there is no equation by which to deduce "superiority." The two potential antagonists differ in too many other dimensions, some of them incommensurable: geography, demography, tradition, mode of government and socio-economic organization, location of industries and cities, physical resources, training, leadership, allies.

By any conceivable quantitative calculation, the Persian Empire had strategic superiority over Themistocles' Athens and Alexander's Macedon—not to mention the Incas over Pizarro, or the U.S. over North Vietnam.

The Missing Ingredient

However, let us assume that the hard faction is both meaningful and correct in stating that in what we might call "weapons power" the Soviet Union is improving its position relative to the U.S. and either is already superior to the U.S. or, with continuance of current trends, soon will be. What does the hard faction propose we do about it?

Its spokesmen have made one and only one proposal: to produce more and more formidable weapons in sufficient quantity to reverse the unfavorable weapons-power ratio.

Something is surely missing in this prescription. For at least 25 years following the end of World War II, the weapons-power ratio, in particular the ratio of strategic weapons, was overwhelmingly in our favor. This did not prevent Moscow's takeover of Eastern Europe or Mao's victory in China. It did not affect Moscow's occupation of Hungary in 1956 or of Czechoslovakia in 1968. It did not hinder the establishment of Soviet naval bases at Aden and Djibouti. It did not stop Castro in 1959. It did not bring U.S. victory in Southeast Asia.

The weapons-power ratio played no role when, last year, an anti-Western faction, through the support of the Soviet Union and Cuba, took power in

Angola, nor does it enter into the struggle over Rhodesia and South West Africa.

A weapon—revolver, ICBM, or supersonic bomber—is of itself nothing, mere dead machinery. The controlling question is: What will you do with your weapons? That is: What is your military policy, your Grand Strategy? Unless you have at least some idea of what your strategy is—what you are trying to do and how you intend to do it—you cannot know either what kind of weapons you need or how many.

This is the paralyzing flaw in the line of argument I am here considering. The Hards tell us we must have lots more weapons—hundreds of billions of dollars' worth—but they do not tell us what is to be done with them. They do not formulate a global strategy that explains why we need *these* weapons in *these* quantities. To say that we need $X + 1$ so-and-sos because the Soviets have X of them explains nothing. Maybe the Soviets are stupid. Maybe they have different strategic requirements. Maybe we ought to concentrate on such-and-suches.

The conclusion of NATO specialists that NATO could not stop a Soviet offensive is not based on the weapons-power ratio, but on the conviction that NATO's escalation strategy is outmoded. Nothing has been proposed to replace it.

Most serious strategists agree that MAD (Mutual Assured Destruction), the strategic concept that has guided our strategic weapons program, is outmoded. Nothing is ready to take its place.

The decline in our relative weapons position has come about under the strategic concept of detente. This is not surprising: detente, with whatever qualifications, weakens the objective motivation for a strenuous arms program. But no prominent participant in the weapons debate, Soft or Hard, has flatly stated that one premise to a strategy revision must be the junking of detente.

A huge weapons program spins off so much for so many that it is usually very popular. It can also prove to be opium for the people. □

Christopher Buckley and YAF

A SYMPOSIUM

WITH THE political defeat of Senator Buckley, many young Americans are bereft of a man we admired and respected and for whom, in countless ways, we worked. As youngsters of the conservative persuasion, we consider it a serious loss to the nation. For this reason especially, the publication, let alone the writing, of Mr. Christopher Buckley's silly, rambling, and insulting eulogy was in poor taste ["Decompression, Junior Division," *NR*, January 7].

Guzzling, gambling, sneering, hashish, ah, yes! I don't know what kind of Norman Mailer, Tom Wolfe, or Ernest Hemingway Mr. Buckley expects us to believe him to be, but as a young conservative he doesn't make it. Whoever at Yale it was who deigned to ask Mr. Buckley for the privileged use of his name obviously made a mistake. If Mr. Buckley really has applied for YAF membership, I hope the YAF people have the good sense to reject his application.

A visceral distaste for effete elitism—the limousine conservatism evinced in Allie and Christopher's Pot-giggling and sneak-peeping at us urban ethnics who met on the lawn at Sharon in 1970 to celebrate YAF—this is the answer to the questions posed at *NR*'s so-called "Youth Seminar" where Buckleys met Buckleys. A conservatism able to be understood and accepted by everyday Americans can better and more effectively be sold by everyday Americans, those of us sustained on more distributive but less expensive dreams than Ferrari Bertinina Boxers or Brooks Brothers suits. William F. Buckley Jr. knows this; Christopher Buckley obviously does not. That's a shame.

Generally speaking, the YAF people I know do not curse on television, defecate on theater stages, or criminally trespass on property. Some of them do comb their hair too securely or wear tacky leisure suits, and mostly for this Mr. Buckley declares them ugly against his preferred list of "Beau-

tiful People," Angela Davis, Mark Rudd, Allen Ginsberg, Jane Fonda, et al.

The last paragraph of the author's article offers hints of redemption, and I hope so for the civic sake of an obviously talented and probably very good young American. But in the meantime, if YAF has an image problem with this Christopher Buckley, then perhaps—yes, perhaps it's on the right course.

Faithfully,

Ron Docksai

YAF National Chairman, 1970-1975
Arlington, Va.

CONGRATULATIONS to Christopher Buckley for a superb contribution to the literature of the Right. The combination of insight and smooth writing style augurs well for his future.

Besides the easy-reading nature of his piece, Christopher Buckley has some worthwhile content, particularly the idea that the evaluation, twenty or thirty years from now, of attitudes of the Seventies will be far more sympathetic to us than to Jane Fonda and her following. My only criticism, and it is a mild one, is that the public acknowledgment of an illegal act (smoking hash) or, worse, the disclosure that somebody else has done it, is an indiscretion which could have consequences in the future. But also, why dignify those acts, and by implication the culture which surrounds them, via a person of Christopher Buckley's stature?

Let's hear from him again soon.

Yours truly,

Stanley Goldstein
New York, N.Y.

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY'S "Decompression, Junior Division" does a profound disservice to *NATIONAL REVIEW*:

It is not only that it is a piece of pretentious prose—though it is. The author of "Junior Division" would do

well to learn that it is not enough to ape style; Wolfian structure without Wolfian wit is form without essence.

More substantively, Christopher Buckley's attitude toward Young Americans for Freedom is at best condescending; more often, it is downright arrogant. Having joined YAF in 1969, I have been a member of the senior Board of Directors as well as Publications Director. I had the distinct privilege of attending the Sharon 10 celebration to which he refers as an event that necessitated his retreat to the attic and to hash, rather than be required to cope with the hoi polloi below. I suggest the deficiency was not in the several hundred young people who gathered on the lawn to celebrate freedom, but in the stoned adolescent several floors above who fancied himself in some sense their superior.

Perhaps it is true that the clear majority of YAFers prefer beer to Dom Pérignon, will never make the Best Dressed List, and are more familiar with softball than with yachting. Perhaps their karma is rotten because they choose to rely on the Christian option of the West in contradistinction to the selective deployment of chic aspects of Eastern religions.

But it is also true that they are on the firing line when it counts; that they are not ashamed to espouse and defend in public causes not always sanctioned by the Beautiful People. And it is quite probably true that the "typical YAFer" is far closer to the cloth from which freedom has been cut than to the dimity stuff that pervades the Buckley piece.

Regretfully,

Mary Fisk
Reston, Va.

REGARDING Christopher Buckley and his account of the *NR* Youth Seminar: Hunter Thompson it wasn't. But several points deserve, no, cry out for, exposition. Reading that the Buckley clan progeny indulge in drugs is indeed enlightening, and one can indeed draw some rather odd conclusions about wealth, power, influence, and the law. A New Left conviction finally confirmed . . . and in *NATIONAL REVIEW*!

Christopher Buckley's views on YAF are rather interesting and, I would say, accurate. I joined YAF in 1965 and, for sentimental reasons, am still a member, albeit inactive. However I would disagree with Buckley's opinion that

"YAF's problems are aesthetic, not philosophical." Having been "eliminated" in 1969 in the purge of libertarians, I now find myself chuckling over the monthly issues of *New Guard*. Not only do they look weird, they also think weird. I remember attending a YAF mid-Atlantic convention at the Hotel Commodore when Karl Hess was booed and literally expelled by all those self-righteous young conservatives.

Ah yes, but that was a long time ago. Back in 1974 my mother received a call from a YAFer in Queens asking that I join in yet another conservative election campaign. She asked if I weren't doing enough, having received a commission in the Marines. Reportedly, the YAFer just swallowed hard and said thank you. I would suggest that Christopher Buckley, the latest of the dilettante rightists, write away for an application to the Marines rather than Young Americans for Freedom. It's not Yale nor is it *Esquire* but it is real. I've heard that helps when you get to the Pearly Gates.

Lt. Andrew J. Franklin, USMCR
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY's article got close to the question of why young conservatives aren't overrunning the country, but didn't answer it. I think the answer is obvious: Conservatives don't stand for anything but small-time business and antiquated lifestyles.

Now don't get me wrong: if there's anything that characterizes my thinking, it's speed, secrecy, a fanatical devotion to the Pope, and a love of American institutions. But (quick: how many of you caught the reference to Monty Python?) despite my basically conservative philosophy, I find most "conservatism" a pain to put up with. In the political field you find some guy with slicked-back hair who mainly worries about labor unions. Philosophically, the main advice seems to be listen to your elders—but there's no agreement on what the elders are saying, aside from "get a haircut" (i.e., von Kuehnelt-Leddihn last issue, thrilled about Communist college students in business costume). Sometimes conservatism in religion seems to consist mainly of a love of Elizabethan English and/or Latin.

So why am I conservative? Well, I happen to like Socrates, Lao Tzu, Aquinas, and Jefferson, so it doesn't bother

me that my facial hair is somewhat longer than mousy mustache length, and my sympathies in the class struggle lie more with the proletariat. But if you want to know why youth tends to think that conservatism is the private domain of the middle-aged middle class, just look around.

Don Schenk
Allentown, Pa.

WHILE CHRIS BUCKLEY thinks that YAFers are weird, that is only because Chris has been overexposed to East Coast YAFers. (Especially New York YAF types.)

Moving west across the country, it is generally found that YAFers are pretty cool people (with the exception of California), especially in the right-wing state of Arizona.

Bob Flanigan
Vice Chairman, Arizona YAF
Scottsdale, Ariz.

AS A ONCE, and continuing, "conservative youth" myself (I will be 23 next time around), I read Christopher Buckley's article with glimpses of a malady tagged: *déjà-vu*. Excellent, Mr. Buckley. In fact, excellent and extraordinary. I moved through the article laughing that self-conscious, almost nervous, "I remember" laugh; as one giggles when glancing through one's old, and slightly yellow, high-school yearbook. Ah, thanks for the memory!

I will, if I may, attach a few new examples to Mr. Buckley's already hideous list of "conservative attire and lifestyles," all of which I recall too vividly. How about these: blood-red lipstick, eyeglasses hanging by a neck chain, horn rims, pseudo-leather thigh-length European jackets, and last—and this has gotta be the least—too-large short-sleeve sport shirts with sleeves loosely gaping over the elbow and forearm. Come on! Orthopedic police shoes on a Saturday night?

I toiled a tad for a Robert K. Dornan, a supreme conservative, out here in sunny Southern California. Mr. Dornan was fighting for a seat as a United States congressman, and he won handily, I might add, against a routine liberal-Democratic "warmon-ger" smear campaign. Anywho, one last note. In the late Sixties, especially, I found the "other side" had a monopoly on gorgeous, luscious, fox females. The Sirens kept soothing my brain. But,

alas, after that supreme temptation, you, CTB, and I are still . . . here. Involved in WFB's ever-onward Hockey Match. By gum, we must be Right.

Dave Taylor
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

IT MIGHT BE wise at this time to restate the purpose of Young Americans for Freedom, namely to rebuild and expand the cadre, i.e., the young conservative leaders who will be future leading lights on the American scene. Ideally, it should serve as a training ground for promising young people to show their wares and develop their talents while at the same time furthering the principles of the Sharon Statement.

When measured by this yardstick, YAF has had a most remarkable life.

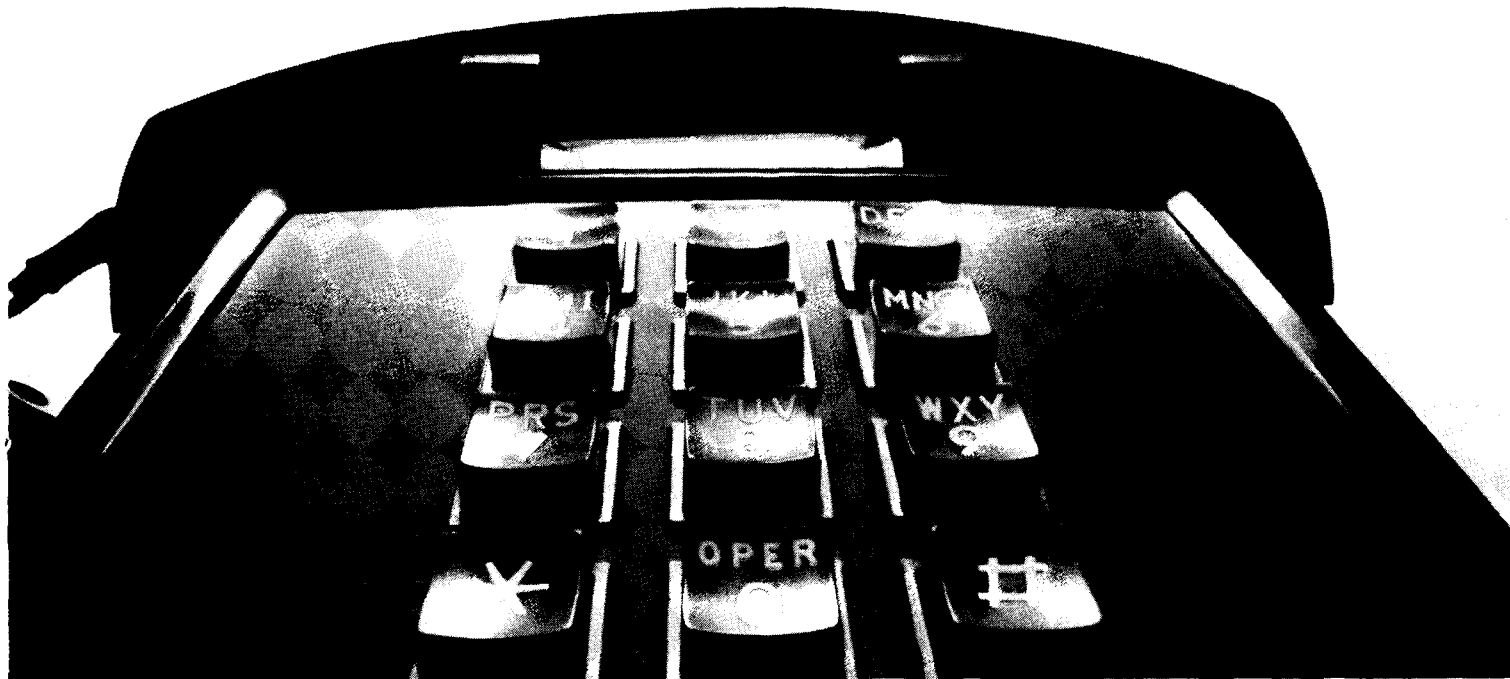
Example: YAF has involved scores of young people in campaigns for conservative candidates. YAF members formed the backbone of the Youths for Goldwater, Helms, Buckley, Reagan, and hundreds of other worthy candidates.

Example: YAF conferences and national conventions have energized and trained many thousands of young people. What other organization could offer the young conservative an opportunity to hear and implement the advice of Bill Buckley, Ronald Reagan, Philip Crane, etc.? Over the past three years alone, YAF has sponsored or co-sponsored almost a dozen national conferences with the aim of developing the talents of promising young activists.

Example: YAF has always been in the educational trenches, fighting for "balance" in the classroom. In WFB's words, YAF seeks to prevent our school system from serving as a "laundromat for the unwashed minds of our college students." Who else would undertake campus projects like "End Campus Anarchy," "Tell It to Hanoi," and "Zero Government Growth"?

I would also call attention to the recently concluded Republican Convention in Kansas City. That gathering at times seemed like a YAF alumni meeting, what with the presence of so many who had begun their political careers with YAF and the old "YAF stories" that were told and retold at every opportunity. In addition, sixty YAF members were delegates and alternates; three hundred others attended as indi-

(Continues on page 167)



Behind the buttons, there's a "brain."

Electronic intelligence has come to the phone system.

It's part of our new electronic switching machines, working round-the-clock to give you better phone service.

And it's another innovation in telecommunications from Bell Labs and Western Electric.

Intelligent Systems.

Conventional electromechanical switching couldn't have kept up with the enormous increase in telephone calling. Only electronic switching can do that. So we've developed a family of electronic machines that are handling calls in rural, suburban and metropolitan areas.

And our new long-distance electronic system handles 550,000 calls an hour — four times as many as before.

So your Bell telephone company can continue to respond to your needs better and, at the same time, keep your costs reasonable.

Since electronic switching machines run on instructions that can be easily changed, their operations and services can be changed without

rewiring or adding equipment.

This flexibility makes many new services practical. Like having your calls forwarded to another number or being signalled the instant a busy line becomes free. The instructions are just programmed into the system's memory.

Electronic switching systems can do more because they're much faster than electromechanical systems. So even though they're handling many more calls, electronic systems have time left over for other tasks.

They continuously check themselves for trouble, diagnose any they find, signal for help, and route calls around a trouble spot.

But trouble is rare with electronic switching.

Today's systems are working round-the-clock with less than 12 minutes "downtime" a year on the average. That makes them 99.9998% reliable.

Our Biggest Job Ever.

The development of electronic switching was the biggest project ever undertaken by Bell Labs and Western Electric in our

efforts to keep your phone bill down.

It required an enormous investment in research and development.

Building it took even more work and money.

But now there are 1000 electronic switching offices serving communities of every size as well as handling long distance calls. And a new office is being installed about every working day.

The System Works.

It took the Bell System to develop electronic switching.

Because only the Bell System has Bell Laboratories and Western Electric working together to make your telephone system the most reliable and least expensive in the world.

Which is to say, we had the brawn to put a "brain" behind your phone.

One of a series of messages to keep you informed of how telecommunications technology is changing our world — and the part Bell Labs, Western Electric and your Bell Telephone Company are playing in it.



Western Electric / Bell Laboratories

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"You can't tell a customer we're short of No-nox because of a foggy day in the Azores."

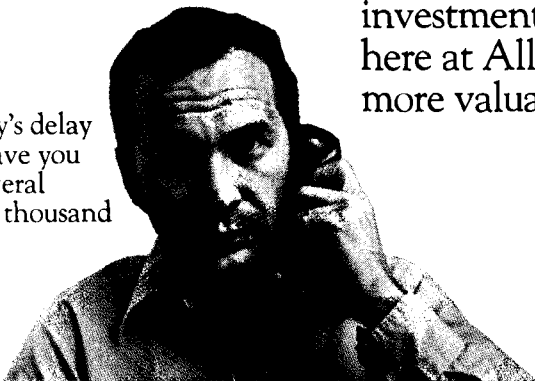
"That doesn't sound like much of a problem, does it?" says Operations Planning Supervisor Wayne Broussard. "A tanker delayed by fog.

"But for any refinery—even one as modern as Gulf's Alliance Refinery—a constant crude oil supply is essential. To meet customer demand for gasoline and fuel oil, it's necessary to have 200,000 barrels per day of crude oil supply.

Uninterrupted supply

"So even if a ship's held up only a few hours,

"One day's delay could leave you short several hundred thousand barrels."



you may be short several hundred thousand barrels of crude. The whole process depends on an uninterrupted supply. So you have to talk to the transportation and supply people to make other arrangements for crude oil delivery.

"And to make sure we meet product quality specifications, you have to refine different crudes or crude mixtures in different ways. That means changing process operations and product blends.

People vs the elements

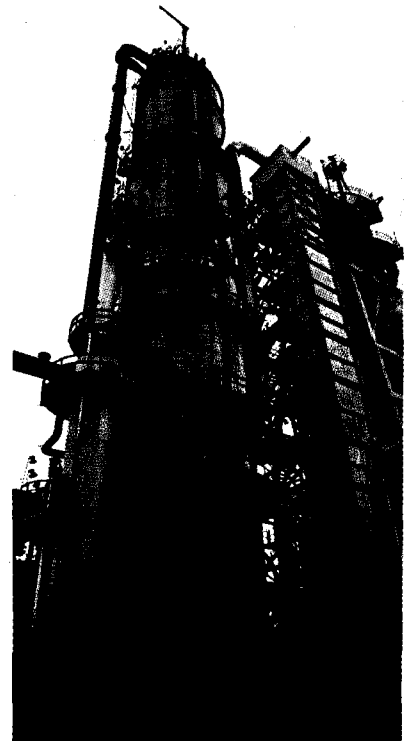
"There's an enormous investment in hardware here at Alliance, but even more valuable are the

people who make it all happen. Bad weather is just one of the challenges our people meet. But every day, all year long, we maintain the crude supply to produce 200,000 barrels of products.

"It's a real challenge—but that's the job: meeting the challenge, and doing it right."



**Gulf people:
meeting the challenge.**



"You have to refine different crudes different ways to get the same product."

Gulf Oil Corporation

Next time you need a prescription drug, who should select it?

You'd be surprised how many people want to get into the act.

And their motives aren't bad.

Some pharmacy groups contend that when pharmacists fill your prescription, they should be permitted to substitute their choice of the drug product for the brand specified by your doctor.

Certain consumer activist groups claim that such substitution would save you money.

And some legislators, at both state and federal levels, regularly propose laws to permit pharmacists to interchange brands without the doctor's approval.

The member companies of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association applaud the motives but have serious doubts about the validity of the claims.

We think the money saving argument is fallacious. Some states have had pro-substitution laws for years. Yet, when you look for evidence that consumers have saved money, it doesn't exist.

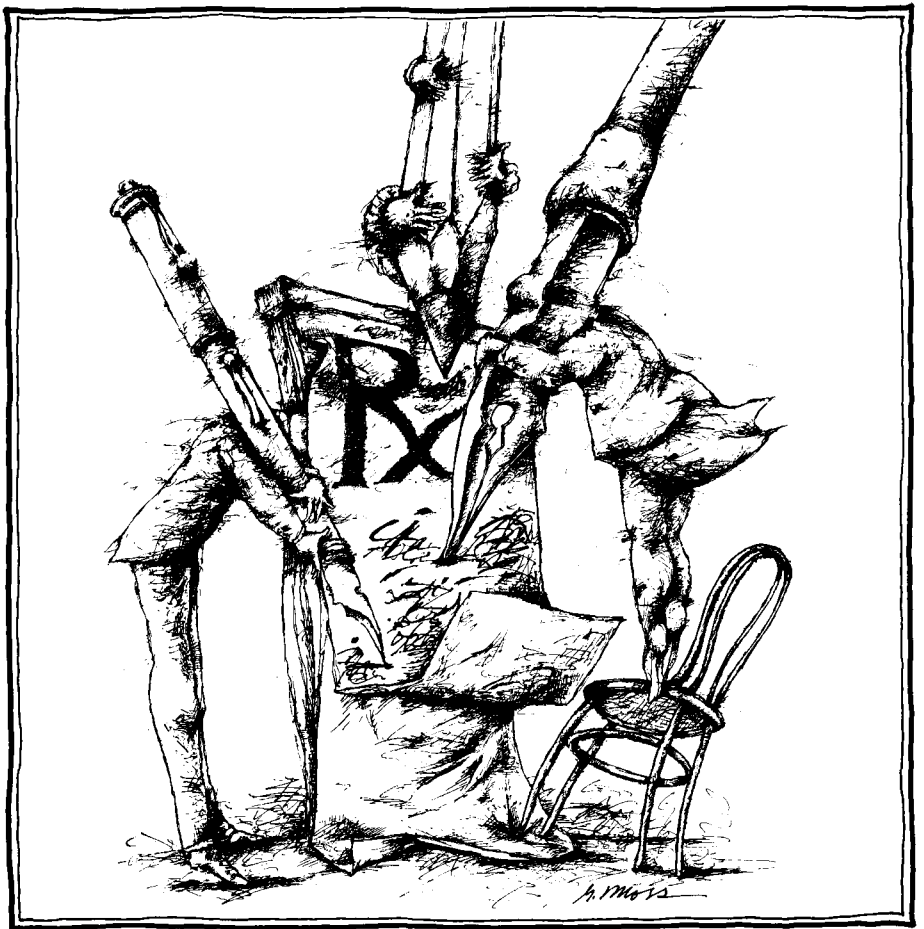
And there's more than money at stake.

There's the important question of whether all brands of a drug are the same.

The fact is that two versions of the same drug, formulated by different companies, using different inert materials and manufacturing procedures, and different quality control measures, can have different effects on patients.

Current drug standards, and their enforcement, don't adequately ensure the equivalency of differing drug formulations. The Office of Technology Assessment of the U.S. Congress has said as much. So have many scientific experts in drug therapy.

Which leads us to conclude that your doctor is in the best position



to select your prescription drugs.

Only he has the knowledge of your health history and present condition as well as of the medicines that can help you. Your pharmacist and your doctor, working together, can select the best and most economical therapy. The collaboration goes on every day, and it requires no change in the law to continue and grow.

That's why we think that, while the advice of the pharmacist is an important factor in your doctor's prescribing, the final selection of the specific medication should remain in your doctor's hands.

We hope you agree.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

If you'd like to comment, we'd like to hear from you. Write us at Dept. NR-702 1155 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

The Man Who Couldn't Find Himself

JOHN KEEFAUVER

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a young man named Henry Littlefinger who, like many young people these days, spent most of his time trying to find himself. His search began in high school when, in his senior year, he saw what appeared to be himself going out a school door. "Henry Littlefinger, is that you?" he yelled, but he, if it were he, kept going. He looked all over school that day, but he wasn't there, nor was he anywhere else, at home or in the neighborhood. He wasn't too worried, though, because he was sure he'd find himself upon graduation. Imagine his dismay, then, when, diploma in hand, he wasn't anywhere in sight.

So he went to college to find himself. But he wasn't there, either, although he did catch a glimpse of himself a few times, or thought he did. Excitedly, he would yell, "Henry Littlefinger, is that you?" at the one he thought was himself. But it didn't help: he, or whoever it was, disappeared as soon as he yelled, and sometimes before.

"College just isn't relevant," he explained to his father as he dropped out. "I can't find myself there."

"Maybe you're on some job," suggested his father. "Why don't you look there?"

After writing 67 pages of poetry about "The Where Is of the I Am" and never finding it, even though he spent a week looking for it on each page, Henry finally got a job with a railroad looking for missing freight cars, figuring the work experience would be helpful in his own quest. But although he spent a lot of time and found lots of freight cars, he didn't find himself.

Retiring to his room, he spent three weeks in bed staring at a crack in the

ceiling. Every time his father came in and asked him if he were having any luck, he'd say, "Not yet. But don't worry. All I have to do is find myself."

"Try looking out there," his father finally said, booting him out the front door.

Thinking he might encounter himself, Henry joined an encounter group. He had no luck—but he enjoyed himself immensely as he monopolized his entire first session telling everybody in detail every one of his thoughts while he had been staring at the crack in the ceiling. None of the others could get one word in about *their* cracks, and so Henry was never invited back.

Around and Around

He then got a job at Playland as an attendant on the merry-go-round. He thought that since he seemed to be going around in circles, maybe he was there, and merrily. Occasionally he thought he saw himself on the go-round, but every time he started toward himself, yelling, "Henry Littlefinger, is that you?" he lost himself in the crowd. Sometimes, though, he saw some of his friends on the merry-go-round. "How're you doing, Henry?" they'd ask.

"I'm glad you asked that question," he would say. "I have found that if I get up on the north side of the bed, rather than on the south, I prefer Puffa Puffa Rice to Frosted Pop Tarts for breakfast, if I'm careful to use brown sugar. It always takes me exactly 53 minutes to decide which—not what I want but what I don't want. Now, what I don't want is . . ."

It wasn't long before Henry found that he wasn't running into old friends on the merry-go-round or anywhere else, and he spent the next several years trying to decide if they were avoiding him because they had detected his basic dishonesty and insecurity or because they had recognized his disguised bluntness and self-confidence

and were envious of it, or because they just didn't like cracks. "When I find myself, I'll know," he said.

Henry eventually went to India to see if he were there. He wasn't, although he thought he got a glimpse of himself occasionally. He then tried psychoanalysis, drugs, meditation, and walking on his hands for nine years—in order, he said, to get a better perspective on himself. He tried them all, sometimes all at the same time, in the bottom of the Grand Canyon, on top of the Empire State Building, and while going over Niagara Falls in a box resembling one that giant-size Puffa Puffa Rice came in.

Up and Down

But wherever he was, he wasn't there. And, in fact, he seemed to be getting even smaller glimpses of himself before he would disappear. As soon as he'd yell, "Henry Littlefinger, is that you?" he, if it were he, vanished.

Henry then joined the Foreign Legion to see if he were there, became an explorer to check out all the places he hadn't been, and then spent 22 years staring at his navel and analyzing why he hadn't been able to find himself as an explorer or in the Foreign Legion, or in the crack, for that matter. Or even in a box of giant-size Puffa Puffa Rice.

No luck—and, worse yet, the glimpses of him who he thought might be himself kept getting smaller and smaller and smaller.

Until one day, when he was 77, he saw just the barest glimpse yet of . . . was it himself? Frantically he started to yell out, "Henry Littlefinger, is that you?" when he discovered that now even his own voice wasn't there.

He didn't know his name anymore.

It wasn't long after that that, getting up one morning, he saw what looked like himself still in the bed. He wasn't going to be fooled again, though; so, without even trying to think of his name, he waited for himself to disappear. But when he didn't vanish, he began cautiously, on tiptoes, to approach the bed. He still didn't disappear. And Henry let out a joyous cry (although no sound was heard). Finally, he'd found himself!

No wonder. He was the color of Puffa Puffa Rice.

Moral: When you have trouble finding yourself, relax and know where you're not wanted. □

Mr. Keefauver, a full-time freelancer, announces that Dell is reprinting this season the Alfred Hitchcock anthology that included Henry Littlefinger.

*It's called the wedge: the difference between what
producers produce and what they get to keep.
The wedge is a major cause of unemployment, and
Humphrey-Hawkins would increase it with a vengeance*

Unemployment and Taxes

ARTHUR B. LAFFER

THE HUMPHREY-HAWKINS Full Employment and Balanced Growth Act, which never came to a vote last fall because of the pre-election congressional rush to adjourn, will be re-introduced in the new Congress, possibly under an expanded sponsorship and in a slightly amended form designed to make it more acceptable to its congressional critics. But in purpose and intent it will remain the same.

Now, there is no economic issue ever that is more important than relieving unemployment and the related ills of misemployment, underemployment, and withdrawals from the labor force. Unemployment brings misery to the wage-earner and his family: everyone knows that. In addition, however, the market's failure to make use of a perishable natural resource makes all of us poorer, the loss far exceeding any strict dollars-and-cents measure. A large part of the United States' role as world leader is predicated upon our economic prowess. Our capacity to deter potential belligerents rests not only on our defense capabilities narrowly defined, but also on our production base.

But is a Humphrey-Hawkins type of program the solution to the problem?

No proposition is more obvious in economics than that if taxes on a product are raised there will be less of that product. Likewise, if subsidies for a product are increased, there will be more of the subsidized product. In the United States today we are taxing employment through a multitude of imposts such as personal and corporate income taxes. We are also subsidizing inefficiency, non-work, and the absence of production through agricultural subsidies, Export-Import Bank subsidies, the "retirement test" for Social Security, etc.

No wonder the United States today has so much unemployment! And the Humphrey-Hawkins bill will, if enacted, only continue and intensify these trends. First, the money to pay for it can come only from current producers and employers, thus adding to the already onerous tax on employment. Second, the money will be paid out as yet another

subsidy of non-production. Thus it is inconceivable to me that such a program will do anything other than hurt workers, consumers, and the truly needy who rely on other government programs.

A firm's decision to hire is based, in part, upon the *total* cost to the firm of the employee's services. The more it costs a firm to hire workers the fewer it will hire; conversely, the less it costs a firm to hire workers the more it will hire. By the same token, a man's decision to work is based, in part, on the amount of money he will get for that work. The more the employee gets the more willing he is to work, and *vice versa*. Employees, it should be noted, are not concerned with the total cost picture; all they care about is how much they get, after taxes.

The difference between the wages firms pay and the wages employees receive is called the "wedge." This wedge consists of income taxes, payroll taxes, excise taxes, sales taxes, property taxes, and the cost of government-mandated paperwork.

***The less it costs a firm to hire
workers the more it will
hire. By the same token, the more
an employee gets the more
willing he is to work***

Let us consider a case where the wedge (or tax) on a worker's gross wages of \$200 per week is 20 per cent. Assume that the employer pays half of that tax and the employee half. Under these conditions the total cost to the employer is not \$200 per week but \$220 per week. The firm's decision to hire is based exclusively on the \$220 figure. But the employee, after he has subtracted his tax-wedge share of \$20, is left with only \$180 per week.

It is easy to see what happens if the wedge is increased to, say, 40 per cent. Assuming it is still divided evenly, then wages paid by the firm rise from the \$220 figure to \$240; the firm will hire fewer workers. Meanwhile, wages received by employees will fall from \$180 to \$160; employees will be less willing to work. Both the firm's desire to hire workers and the workers' willingness to be hired will be reduced as the wedge increases. Output falls and the level of total employment falls as the wedge increases.

Mr. Laffer, a consultant to H. C. Wainwright and Company, is a professor of economics at the Graduate School of Business of the University of Southern California. This article is adapted from his testimony before a Senate subcommittee that last year considered the Full Employment and Balanced Growth Act.

In the United States the wedge can be represented either by total government spending, or by the total of transfer payments. Basically, transfer payments are transfers of real resources from producers to people who do not produce; as such, they reduce the amount of goods and services available to the people who produced them. Transfer payments are therefore a tax on production and work, and a payment based upon a characteristic other than work. Some of the transfers may be based on population characteristics: age, residence, health, sex, race, etc. In many instances, transfers are a payment explicitly for non-work: agricultural subsidies, food stamps (which have a maximum income requirement), Social Security payments (which impose retirement), housing subsidies, and, obviously, unemployment compensation itself.

In the table below I have attempted to construct a time-series on the wedge, both in absolute magnitude and as a share of GNP. Of necessity, much is omitted from the figures, e.g.: 1) the market equivalent of the value to the owners of productive factors lost through restrictions on the use of their resources such as transportation regulations, pollution controls, health requirements, etc.; 2) the market value of the time people spend to comply with government regulations and forms; and 3) the total cost to firms of accountants and lawyers hired to assure compliance with government regulations. In spite of these omissions, which tend to understate the size of the wedge, the table is roughly indicative of the recent trends in the United States toward the growth of the wedge.

Depending upon the specific assumptions underlying the cost estimates, one will come up with a larger or smaller figure by which the Humphrey-Hawkins bill will increase the wedge. However, in virtually every respect this bill will place additional burdens on producers and workers and simultaneously give little in the way of final output in return.

The "reordering of national priorities" mentioned in the bill in fact means a continuation of current policy trends. The general tendency, with some notable exceptions, is already to make the economy less efficient, especially in the areas of energy and transportation. The added levels of bureaucracy required by Humphrey-Hawkins will be of little ultimate benefit to the country. And the value of the production of those to be employed under this program will, through no fault of their own, not be as high as the payments made to them.

Viewing the cyclical nature of the economy from this vantage point also gives us a slightly different perspective.

Let us imagine for a moment an economy that produces, say, 1,000 real units of output and has government transfers and purchases of 500 real units. In this case, the pro-

ducers and workers who produce the 1,000 real units of output are able to keep 500 of those units. For every two units a man produces he gets to keep only one. Fifty per cent, the wedge, is taxed away and given to someone else.

Let us see now what happens if, for whatever reason, there is a shortfall of income or output from the 1,000-unit level to 900 units. In our economy, as output and employment fall, government spending rises, almost entirely as a result of increased transfer payments. Increases occur across a whole range of categories, including open-ended automatic increases in food stamps, Social Security benefits, education loans, and unemployment benefits. There will be newly legislated increases as well. For the sake of the example, let's imagine that government spending rises by 40 real units.

Therefore, while output falls from 1,000 to 900, government spending rises from 500 to 540. The wedge in the economy rises from 50 per cent to 60 per cent. Producers and workers receive only four-fifths of one unit for every two they produce, whereas they used to receive a full unit for every two they produced. By increasing its spending during a recession or downturn in production, the government *reduces* the incentives to produce and work. Far from stabilizing the economy, such "countercyclical" spending will, in fact, *accentuate* the cyclical aspects of the economy.

Several features of Humphrey-Hawkins as drawn up last year directly accentuate the cyclical nature of the economy. By having a permanent countercyclical grant program to state and local governments, this bill would increase the severity of recessions and heighten excessively expansionary booms. The employment program would do the same. This program for all practical purposes raises the tax wedge during recessions and lowers the tax wedge during booms. As a consequence, the economy would become more unstable than it already is. Not surprisingly, the U.S. has just experienced the worst recession of the postwar period at a time when government spending is taking its greatest share of GNP and is geared most closely to the level of unemployment. The impact on inflation follows directly from the impact on real output and production. Inflation results primarily from too much money chasing too few goods. Reducing output and production, as I believe this bill would do, will lead to higher prices.

In sum, Humphrey-Hawkins will do the reverse of what it promises. It will 1) reduce total employment, 2) make growth more cyclical and less stable, resulting in 3) higher prices.

Nothing is more important than achieving full employment and balanced growth. But the way to achieve more employment and greater output is to make it more profitable for workers to work and for employers to employ. An

Government Spending and Transfer Wedge*
(in billions of dollars)

Year	Govt. Spending: Federal, State, & Local	Spending Wedge (spending divided by GNP)	Govt. Transfers: Federal, State, & Local	Transfer Wedge (transfers divided by GNP)
1950	61.0	.213	22.5	.079
1955	97.9	.245	22.9	.057
1960	136.4	.270	36.1	.071
1965	187.8	.273	49.4	.072
1970	312.0	.318	93.1	.095
1975	525.2	.350	194.0	.129

*Source: *Economic Report of the President*

economy does not reduce unemployment and increase output by taxing work and employment.

If we are ever to achieve a sustainable high level of output, we must reduce the tax wedge on producers and workers. These reductions must occur predominantly in the already overtaxed and therefore underemployed factors of production. It is especially important for the reductions to be on marginal rates of taxation. Three areas of taxation deserve special attention: taxes on corporate-held capital, personal income taxes, and the implicit taxes (such as minimum-wage laws) on the less-educated and disadvantaged participants in our economy. In addition to reducing tax rates on production and work, inequitable and distorted spending must also be restrained.

Corporate-held capital is taxed today at exceptionally high rates on the margin. Corporations pay a marginal tax rate of 48 per cent on each additional dollar of profit before anything goes to the ultimate owners of the capital. On what they receive after the corporate tax has been paid, the owners of the capital must then pay additional personal income taxes. Even if the marginal personal income tax rate were only 42 per cent, this would imply that the tax wedge on corporate-held capital would be close to 70 per cent. And that means the corporate and personal income taxes on reported profits. Because of the effects of inflation, reported corporate profits overstate actual economic profits. Inventory price increases are reported as profits when, in reality, they are not. Similarly, depreciation is calculated from the purchase price of the capital good, not the replacement cost.

In addition to these obvious considerations, some allowances should be made for capital-gains taxes, excess-profits taxes, property taxes, sales taxes, the cost of restrictions on the use of resources, and the cost of accountants and lawyers hired to comply with government regulations. All things considered, the total marginal tax wedge on corporate-held capital may well be in excess of 90 per cent.

There must be some post-wedge yield if people are to be induced to save in order to provide the capital to employ workers. Thus reducing tax rates, especially the high marginal tax rates on capital, will reduce unemployment, decrease misemployment, reduce under-employment, and attract potential workers back into the labor force.

Another tax drastically in need of reduction is the personal income tax, especially since a substantial portion of the current rise in tax rates is due to the effects of inflation on progressive tax schedules. Perhaps the best single measure here would be to index the personal income tax. As a second best, individual exemptions and deductions should be increased across the board. And an across-the-board reduction in the tax rate (a *negative* tax surcharge) could be enacted.

The effect of minimum-wage regulations on the less-educated, disadvantaged workers is exceedingly severe. If a minority youth in a poor neighborhood would like to work for \$1.50 an hour, and a small minority-run business would like to hire him at that wage rate, it can't be done because of the minimum-wage law. After being chronically unemployed for a long period, such a person becomes close to, if not literally, unemployable.

Complicated tax schedules, arcane building codes, and other modern bureaucratic developments present a serious impediment to economic development by entrepreneurs

in poor neighborhoods. As if it weren't already hard enough to start up a successful business in a poor neighborhood, the government-imposed tax wedge is probably highest there. It is precisely in these neighborhoods that another massive government program, Humphrey-Hawkins, is expected to undo the effects of all the previous similar programs.

I doubt very much whether the United States can maintain peacetime full employment without a substantial reduction in the level of government spending as a share of GNP. At the very least, this spending must be redirected in such a way as to reduce the direct incentives for non-production and non-employment.

***What would happen if the government
raised taxes and spending to
the entire amount of GNP?
Does anyone for a moment think
that output would not fall?***

The proponents of Humphrey-Hawkins argue that if the market won't provide ample employment opportunities, then government spending must take up the slack. By hiring previously unemployed workers, the logic runs, the government will place purchasing power in the hands of people who will spend. This spending in turn stimulates employment, and so the process continues. Even if the government employees produce nothing of value (such as holes first dug and then filled up again), the argument goes, the economy will still be better off in terms of total production and employment.

There are two critical questions to be asked here. First, how and from whom does the government get the additional resources to pay for the program? In the case of direct taxes the answer is clear. For every dollar a recently hired government employee gets, some private employee gets one dollar less: the increased spending by the government employee is exactly offset by the reduced spending of the now-taxed private employee. If the spending is financed by debt issue, then some borrower will be "crowded out" of the capital market and his spending will fall by the amount by which the government employees' spending rises.

Whether private producers are taxed out or crowded out, total aggregate demand will not change. Only if we totally ignore the real effects of the financing will we expect an increase in demand, much less in real supply.

The second question is whether the total wedge will not increase and thereby lead to lower output. Using an admittedly extreme example, what would happen if the government raised taxes and spending to the entire amount of GNP? Does anyone for a moment think that output would not fall? People who feel that full employment legislation will move the economy to a higher level of employment and output have overlooked the facts that 1) the people who are taxed or can't borrow because of the financing of this program will reduce their spending to offset increased spending by those who receive the funds, and 2) with a larger share of output going to the tax wedge, employers and employees will switch from work and production into non-work and non-production. □

I'm Not All Right, Jack

COLM BROGAN

THIS IS to inform you that I am a physical wreck—a write-off, junk, *foutu*, and *spurlos versenkt*, worth about two cents (Confederate). In the last decade I have suffered a series of health catastrophes so numerous and so varied that I am inclined to rate Job as little better than a peevish hypochondriac. I have had two operations, one to remove a large part of my intestine, and shortly afterward an emergency night job to stop me bleeding to death. My weight sank to 75 pounds. Then I discovered that I couldn't see myself in the mirror while I was shaving. The mirror hadn't been moved up the wall, I had sunk down. I had lost between six and seven inches in height. I went under the care of a man who was perhaps the world's highest authority on such matters and found that I was suffering from osteomalacia, a softening of the bones, which had caused my vertebrae to run into each other. Fear not, I am not imitating Job. These things are a parable. Almost gutless, almost spineless, I am the very image of Britain. *Cecidit, cecidit Babylonia, illa magna. Cecidit, cecidit Britannia, illa—what?*

MONEY. A school in northern England is to close. Built for one hundred pupils, the school had two. When one girl left, the closing was ordered. Employed to teach the two young children were a headmistress, a classroom teacher, a cook, a cleaner, and a part-time secretary. If the authorities had sent these children to a school twenty miles away, by cab, they would still have saved £10,000 (\$17,000) a year.

► Schoolchildren on the Isle of Arran were getting a third of a pint of milk each school day, supplied by local farms. The milk was not fully pasteurized, for the plant to secure complete pasteurization would have cost \$68,000. The Council decided that

the only thing to do was to bring in milk from the mainland. Milk is now delivered to the school at \$144 a pint—ten times the price of a very good vintage champagne.

► An unemployed man joined a group of Bradford University students going to London to protest about something or other. When he found himself in Dover, not London, he tried to board a train without a ticket. He was turned off, but came back after a short while. Social Security had given him a warrant for a *first class* journey.

► Accountants in the Ministry of Health discovered that hospital technicians could earn more than \$170 for stand-by duty on Sunday. A union official, questioned on this, said, "Those accountants should find something better to do."

► The four shipyards of the Upper Clyde group can never possibly make anything but a loss in modern conditions. Yet, in the last dozen years, the government has spent so much money in subsidizing exceptionally high wages that the total sum would have given every one of the thousands of workers a house and a car and paid for his training, with full maintenance, in a trade which might have made him a profitable producer and not a hopeless loss. Alternatively, it could have built a new yard on the deep and wide waters of the lower Clyde that might have paid its way. The subsidies continue.

► Members of Parliament now enjoy pretty substantial salaries and expense allowances. They want a considerable increase, but haven't quite the nerve to vote themselves one in the present freezing climate. But they have arranged that their pensions will be based on the larger salary they haven't voted themselves.

EDUCATION. The Inner London Education Authority is the biggest of its kind in Britain. In one of its largest schools, which takes pupils up to 17 or so, it was found that one-quarter of the

teaching staff were squatters in a hippie commune. They refused to move out and pay rent somewhere. They said their squatting was a political act.

► Amazing grace: A seven-year-old girl appeared in court as a witness. The judge discovered that she had never heard of God, either at home or in the school she had attended for two years. The judge sent her away to be taught about God. By whom?

► Half the Comprehensive schools in the London area don't teach pure maths or French to the standard needed for university entrance. The universities and the colleges of technology can't fill their departments of engineering and science, the skills the country most desperately needs, although they have sharply lowered their entrance standards. Languages are languishing. But sociology and kindred subjects flourish. They are not capitalist and you don't need to work.

► An educationist asked teachers what factors should be important in deciding whether a teacher should be promoted. The second most important factor was speed in making changes in the curriculum. Success in examinations did not make the first ten.

► In Liverpool this year a fifth of the pupils up for the Ordinary Level of the School Certificate failed even to fail. There are five grades. Grades D and E are failures, but they couldn't even make E. More than four hundred didn't turn up for the exam at all.

► Devon County Council has been given a government grant of \$39,000 to hire teachers to teach unemployed school-leavers how to find jobs. The only stipulation is that the teachers themselves must be unemployed. Will there be need of another grant to teach the teachers how to find jobs?

MILITANCY. At Knightswood bus garage in Glasgow, a computer breakdown caused a delay in paying the week's wages. The men were told of this with the assurance that the computer was being repaired with the utmost speed. The bus crews immediately headed back for the garage, on strike, leaving thousands of fellow workers to walk, some for many miles. The computer had been taught a sharp lesson.

► The Ford company at Dagenham has produced a new Cortina, their big bet for the home and European market. On the day of the official unveiling of the new car there were three

Mr. Brogan has long covered the off-beat side of England for NR.

separate strikes at Dagenham. One was caused by 12 men who refused to work a new gadget which they said was dangerous because they had to stick their heads through the top of the door while fitting it. The whole night shift was sent home. They then went on strike because they were not paid for eight hours' work on the transparently irrelevant excuse that they hadn't in fact done any work at all.

► There was trouble at Halewood, a Ford plant in the Liverpool area. The men on the production line were scamping their work to make time for playing cards, darts, and even table tennis. The unsatisfactory cars they produced then had to be worked on at overtime rates. The dynamic manager sent letters to the men saying this could not possibly be allowed and even threatened to take away the dart board.

► Every British docker has a job for life. Even if there is no work or any prospect of work at his port, he draws \$119 a week quite indefinitely. More than that, three hundred London dockers are paid extra wages and handsome expenses to go to work at Tilbury docks. But the same number of Tilbury dockers get the same terms for traveling to work in London. The Dock Labor Board offered them \$1,700 each to stop the nonsense. When the dockers learned they would have to pay tax, they demanded an extra \$850. So the cross-traffic goes on.

► School cleaners in the Inverness area went on strike. The schools rapidly became litter-bestrewn slums. The authorities forbade either teachers or pupils to lift a finger to control the mess. That would have made them strike-breakers and scabs.

HEALTH. When I was last in a London hospital, a Zimmer walking frame and a wheelchair were delivered to the flat. I had already explained that I had used a Zimmer for a number of years and Old Faithful was in much better shape than I was myself. I also explained that the wheelchair was entirely useless, for the only person to wheel it was my daughter, who had two children, one of them a month old. Nevertheless they were sent, and had to be sent back.

► A highly qualified doctor demanded an inquiry to discover why a number of the young handicapped children in his charge were suffering from quite unexplained bruises and other physical damage. The men who

would have had to do the explaining demanded that he should be suspended. He was. Months afterward he still is.

► Two nurses lifted a patient from a stretcher onto the operating table. This is a job usually done by orderlies, now called technicians. When the technicians heard of it, they staged a strike. The hospital earnestly asked that its name be suppressed. If it weren't, the technicians would strike again.

► A committee has been set up to phase out the private beds in National Health Service hospitals. There are between four and five thousand rooms for private patients. What they pay yields a considerable profit to the hospitals. But go they must. The pressure was begun by a Mrs. Brookstone, of the National Union of Public Employees (NUPE). She organized the sabotage of service to the private patients. When ill, she herself had had a private room—but free. (Her earlier claim to fame was the discovery of the urn containing the ashes of Eleanor Marx. It was enclosed in a box, forgotten in a cupboard, in the Communist Party headquarters.) Her action against the private patients had the rather more than tacit approval of Barbara Castle—who had been a private patient herself. The NUPE is heavily represented on the phasing-out committee. The private patients are not represented at all.

LAW. A ticket collector in the London underground saw a policewoman struggling with a youthful bag-snatcher. In spite of her repeated calls for help he did nothing. Questioned in court, he said there was nothing about helping the police in his union rule book. This boy must be a quick learner. He is a colored immigrant.

► Four youths were charged with

repeatedly raping an old woman and assaulting her in other ways. The judge gave them such trivial sentences that they left the dock laughing loudly and slapping each other on the back. The judge said he could not be severe because they were under 18. He later apologized for the misstatement. He could have sentenced them to be detained for life. The youths were immigrants from Morocco.

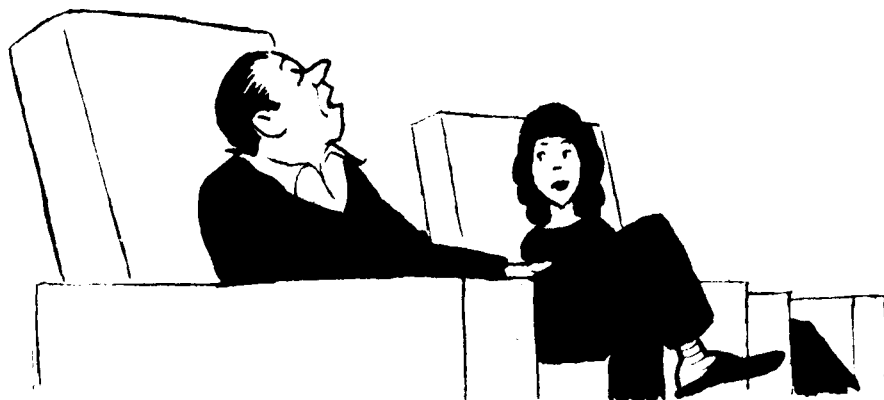
► Two youths battered an old woman to get her money to go to a football match. They didn't get the money, but she died. The policeman who arrested one said the youth asked, "Will I get out in time for the Cup Final?"

MORALS. The Institute of Contemporary Arts has premises in a fashionable spot. Its last show was an exhibition of soiled diapers. Its present show is an exhibition of very explicit pornographic photographs and instruments of flagellation. The organizer is named Genesis Pillow Porridge (most of my friends call me "Willow"). He said the emphasis was satiric of Andy Warhol. The Institute gets a subsidy of \$153,000 a year from the Arts Council, i.e., the government. Mr. Porridge wears his long hair in a ponytail and his fingernails are silver.

CONCLUSION. I am finishing this task, or, rather, leaving it unfinished, because I am writing with an arm that has been three times broken. Anyway, tomorrow is my 74th birthday. I repeat the question, *Cecidit, cecidit Britannia illa*—what? I can't find a word to fill the blank adequately. But *illa* reminds me of something.

Dies irae, dies illa.

And a Happy New Year to all. □



Hollowood, *Punch*

"If we get our expected salary increase, we move up into the working class."

Rotheo

On Non-Voters

MANY AMERICANS probably think of non-voting as their own exclusive privilege. If they looked at last fall's election returns, they saw that the Germans, for example—who have not been paragons of democracy in either the last century or this—went to the polls in overwhelming numbers: 92 per cent. On the other hand, Switzerland—our oldest existing democracy—shares America's non-voting habits. Local elections there still attract sizable numbers of voters, but in the last elections for the National Council (the lower house of parliament), in November 1975, only 52.4 per cent of eligible voters deemed it necessary to cast their ballot. Four years earlier, participation had been 4.5 per cent higher. This sort of decline is terribly irritating to good democrats, and Isopublic, Switzerland's version of the Gallup Poll, set about investigating it; the analysis has finally been published now, a year later, in the weekly *Weltwoche*.

Crashing Boredom

Only one-fifth of those questioned declared themselves totally uninterested in politics. However, local problems aroused much more interest than national or, least of all, international: only 20 per cent of women, as against 40 per cent of men, professed any interest in questions concerning all of Switzerland. (Of course, part of the reason for the low level of interest among women may be Switzerland's status as a *military* democracy. All able-bodied males up to the age of 47 are subject to military service; more than 30 per cent of the budget goes to military expenditures; a person's eligibility for a job is judged largely by his standing in the army. Indeed, the main argument against female suffrage, which was only very recently enacted, was simply that women do not serve

From the Continent ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

in the army, hence they are not full citizens.) When television or radio news shows come on, one-third of the habitual non-voters turn them off.

Of the non-voters in the 1975 national election, two-thirds were women and 55 per cent were under the age of 35. Significantly, the young tend to be interested in politics of all sorts—local, national, and international—yet they fail to go to the polls. A huge percentage of the non-voters consider elections a bore, and—a major difference from the United States—there is little general indignation about the great electoral inertia. “Why get excited if only half the citizens cast their votes? After all, things are all right in our country”: this, Isopublic found, was a common reaction. Only 6 per cent are convinced of the contrary. Among the Swiss, therefore, reluctance or refusal to vote is not necessarily a sign of dissatisfaction.

On the contrary, many non-voters believe that politics today are so complicated, so ununderstandable, that they have no moral right to vote for or against any pending decision. Also, a high percentage of the non-voters—45 per cent—say that they do not really know how the parties differ from each other and what their final aims are. In fact, the commonest complaint is that the parties promise a lot before the elections, but, once installed, the deputies forget those campaign promises. Additionally, one-third of the voters and more than half of the non-voters agree with the comment: “An individual can vote this way or that, but what difference does it make? By my vote I cannot actually change anything.”

This opinion poll reflects markedly what German political scientists call *das Unbehagen in der Demokratie*—the uneasiness in democracy. One must remember that even Rousseau, one of the founding fathers of modern democracy, insisted that it is viable only within very small units—e.g., in Swiss cantons. There, for example, men have to take a stand publicly; whereas, on a larger scale, the anonymity of the voting process tends to reinforce apathy. Again, a distinct drawback in all democracies—and one that is recognized, as the Isopublic survey shows, by many voters and more non-voters—is the rel-

ative ignorance of voters faced with a shrinking and ever more complex world. This creates a feeling of helplessness among wise men and women, and a frightening arrogance among simpler minds that merely react emotionally.

One Little Vote

Each vote, even one among millions, carries a certain weight, but it is often hard for the voter to remember that. If, for example, we represent the entire American electorate as a vertical line as high as the Empire State Building, each vote would be worth only 0.005 mm. (If half the electorate stays home, however, the value of a single vote is doubled; in other words, at least on paper, non-voting enhances the weight of the conscientious voter.) And if the democratic procedure evokes only feeble enthusiasm in Switzerland—that exemplary democracy which has inspired the democratic republics of such a large part of the Western world—the skepticism is even stronger in other parts of Christendom, where sizable Communist parties reject the democratic process altogether, and socialist parties, which still pay lip-service to democracy, are willing to cooperate in the destruction of a free society—*vide* France and Italy.

Many people will fight to preserve their liberty, but will they fight to retain their right to vote? There may be a certain connection between the two, but it is tenuous. Remember Germany in 1932: while the other ideological parties were able to retain the loyalty of their supporters to the bitter end, the liberals and democrats went over to the Nazis—and not only they, but also the habitual non-voters, who were suddenly galvanized into voting for the Nazis. An unprecedented 98.7 per cent of those eligible voted in that election. One might call this a big triumph for the democratic principle—yet it was a victory of democracy that ended democracy. It is not sufficient to vote at all costs. German democracy might indeed have been preserved in 1932 if the habitual non-voters had continued to “behave undemocratically” and stayed home. No vote is better than a bad vote. □

Democracy: What?

DEMOCRACY is not just an ordinary word. It is the yardstick by which we measure our performance and that of other countries. It contains a description; it also contains a goal. We would do well to remember, however, that the Founding Fathers looked on "popular government" as anything but the best of all political forms. When the Americans rebelled against their English king, the absence of an aristocracy in the Colonies made a popular government practically unavoidable. Still Madison, for one, had serious misgivings about so dangerous a form of government. He knew the historical record, and knew that democratic regimes—in ancient Greece, in Renaissance Italy—had been turbulent, volatile, faction-ridden. The main question for him was how to counteract the manifest shortcomings of democracy.

That kind of political sobriety is far from our own attitude. To us, democracy's potentiality for perfection seems near-divine. We have turned a descriptive term into an ideological vision by means of which we torture ourselves into a sense of systemic guilt, currently the most fashionable badge of political maturity.

In this process of idealization, the term "democracy" has lost whatever precision it may once have had. Some can see in it now only the model of our own government, plus the politics of compassion; others say it is majority rule plus civil rights; still others identify it with placing ultimate confidence in the wisdom and goodness of the people. A libertarian might define it as free enterprise and the rule of law; to the practical man, concerned less with an ideal goal than with a way of getting political business done, it means popular election of rulers, universal suffrage, parliamentary government, religious disestablishment, and freedom of speech, press, and assembly.

Days and Works

GERHART NIEMEYER

Even the empirical definition does not get us very far, however, for a variety of cultural, psychological, and moral contents fit into these forms. One recalls that Hitler was willing to do his dirty business within the framework of the Weimar constitution, that Peronist majorities resulted from free elections in Argentina, that the Soviets disestablished the church while the British retain their establishment. Formally, our own constitutional doctrine on freedom of speech and of the press has not changed. But during most of the lifetime of this Republic, "free speech," especially in small communities, has meant speech within the framework of a basic consensus, and anyone violating that consensus was liable to be ridden out of town on a rail; whereas now, "freedom of the press" protects pornographic journalism and a Fourth Estate that has the power to unmake Presidents. Nor would our formal disestablishment indicate that the American people has understood itself to be a religious society whose leaders are to be sworn in on the Bible, invoke God's help in their speeches, and open Congress with a prayer.

The Form

Thus, we see that defining democracy by its formal elements does not tell us anything about the attitudes, habits, and ideas which alone give shape and meaning to our political ways. The forms are not negligible, but they presuppose a certain content: a particular type of man, a tradition of common values and beliefs. If we have trouble finding such values and beliefs, let us turn to Plato's description of democracy in his *Republic*:

Liberty and free speech are rife everywhere; anyone is allowed to do what he likes. The result will be a greater variety of individuals than under any other constitution. A democracy is so free it contains a sample of every kind. Here, too, you are not obliged to be in authority or to submit to authority; you need not fight when your fellow citizens are at war, nor remain at peace when they do. There is so much tolerance and superiority to petty considerations; such a contempt for all those fine principles we laid down in founding our commonwealth. A democracy tramples all such notions

under foot; with a magnificent indifference to the sort of life a man leads before he enters politics, it will promote to honor anyone who merely calls himself the people's friend.

Plato is describing here a way of life where all values are given equal standing. Nothing is sacred, so nothing is excluded. Freedom consists in the dethronement not only of kings and aristocrats, but also of any principle claiming top honor. And in this minimally ordered society, Plato warns, demagogues can easily rise to tyrannous power.

The Content

Following Plato, let us take a stab at the type of man and the way of life prevailing in our Republic today. That freedom which goes under the name of permissiveness is at its zenith. Among the educated and urbanized in our society, there is no longer consensus on principle, value, or any norm except what Plato calls "an agreeable form of anarchy." The educated and half-educated view man as an individual having the power to create his own values or "lifestyles" at will. The "sovereignty of the people," meaning the sovereignty of their value consensus, has given way to the sovereignty of every individual, so that, for example, an individual may reject the authority of any court on the grounds that it is not *his* court.

Curiously enough, this playing at personal omnipotence goes hand in hand with a petulant dependence on the state. Our contemporary consciousness, *pace* Charles Reich, is a trade-union consciousness, forever demanding more guarantees, more fringe benefits, more material security. This parasitic attitude deprives our ideal of freedom of any residue of greatness. Freedom that won't take risks is nothing more than a silly parlor game. We play at "radical chic" but at the same time camp with our begging bowls at the door of bountiful government. Between posturing in the attitude of semi-divine destroyers of worlds and whining for the bureaucrats' handouts, not much is left that we could call "governing ourselves." If the people ceases to be composed of "ruling beings," who are kings over themselves, the heart of democracy stops beating. □

Arts & Manners

DANCE

RUTH BERENSON

Denishawn Redivivus

Here's a suggestion for the culture assessors who make it their business to attach epithets to epochs: the nearly ended Seventies should be called the Backward Look Decade. In architecture, historic preservation of nineteenth century buildings has replaced modernism as the cause to be fought for, and the Beaux-Arts has replaced the Bauhaus as a symbol of what is True and Good. In painting, hand-wrought realism has not just triumphed over Pop and Abstraction: it has overtaken the Photo-Realism of a few years back as the hottest new trend. The latest art sensation in Paris is not the newly opened Musée Pompidou, devoted to the twentieth century, but an exhibition of German Romanticism at the Orangerie. To cap all this, nineteenth century academics like Hans Makart and Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema are now bringing higher prices at European auctions than Andy Warhol.

Now comes another manifestation of the Backward Look—in what has always been the farthest-out and most experimental of American art forms, namely dance. This season's hit is not a new attempt by Merce Cunningham and his usual collaborators, the dissonant composer John Cage and Pop's grandpa, Robert Rauschenberg, to mount a *Gesamtkunstwerk* that will relegate Richard Wagner to the dustheap; neither is it a new ballet by Balanchine, Eliot Feld, or last year's wonder girl, Twyla Tharp (who is currently choreographing for an ice skater in an apparent attempt to hang on to her headline status); it's not even a new defector from the Soviet Union.

What has excited the critics is *The Spirit of Denishawn*, a pious recreation of long-forgotten dances composed by Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn in the Twenties and earlier, when they were pioneering a new art.

The place of St. Denis and Shawn in dance history has long been secure, if only because Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, and Charles Weidman all started in the Denishawn mode and then broke violently with it to found the modern dance movement in America. The word "movement" is used advisedly, for modern dance, especially in its early years, was a cult that implacably rejected everything that had gone before, especially Denishawn. It has always thrived on change and, unlike ballet, which retains nineteenth century works like *Giselle* as essential parts of its repertoire, it has relentlessly consigned its own accomplishments to oblivion after a season or two. It was only when age compelled Martha Graham to stop performing that she very reluctantly permitted the restaging of some of her ground-breaking early compositions.

Though their own work was half forgotten, both St. Denis (who died in 1968 at the age of 91) and Shawn (who died in 1972) lived to witness the explosion of dance in the postwar

years; indeed, as director of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, which he founded in 1942, Shawn was very much a part of that explosion. But he was never a man to waste time remembering. Though he ran Jacob's Pillow along the eclectic lines that had animated Denishawn, which considered all dance forms—primitive, regional, ballet, modern—equally valid, he seldom performed his own previous dances and could never be talked into reviving any of the compositions he and Miss Ruth (they were married in 1914, separated in 1931) had choreographed together.

In a way, he may have been right in his instinct that Denishawn was dated. Its present incarnation was supervised by Klarna Pinska, now in her seventies, who was herself both a Denishawn dancer and teacher (the teenage Jerome Robbins was one of her pupils). Miss Pinska, a close friend and companion to Miss Ruth in her last years, has, she says, "never stopped believing" in Denishawn. She had only a short time to teach the techniques to the performers, members of Joyce Trisler's Danscompany, and the results, as she sadly admits, were less than perfect. To this observer, alas, they often seemed downright silly: muscular Amazons in pink chiffon tunics trying to disport themselves like Grecian nymphs succeeded only in evoking old movie stills of Fanny Brice's immortal rendering of Pavlova as the Dying Swan.

STILL, SUCH is the current reverence for the past that the audience adored it. Some, of course, were bathing in nostalgia, remembering Miss Ruth herself, her lithe, womanly body swathed in grey-blue draperies, dancing Liszt's *Liebestraum* with unforgettable lyric abandon. Indeed, a steady stream of elderly ladies accosted Miss Pinska during the intermission to say they had studied at Denishawn schools in New York, Boston, San Francisco, or wherever when they were little girls. But younger members of the audience, many of them dancers, seemed equally enthusiastic. Perhaps, behind the performers' evident malaise, they and the critics perceived the airy grace which was a Denishawn hallmark—the one that most disgusted the young rebels who believed that dance had a "higher" function, that it should appeal to the mind rather than the senses, and who therefore banished poetry of motion from their dance vocabularies.



Does this new looking-back tendency mean that we are on the threshold of a new romanticism? Will dissonance be replaced by harmony, and a new lyricism inform the art and poetry of the next generation? Or is it just another passing phase, a fad like so many seemingly significant trends latched onto by the professional culture critics? It's too soon to tell, but for the moment, anyway, up on Olympus the long-neglected Clio must be quietly smiling to herself. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Buon Appetito!

"La vie est dure, les femmes sont chères" was what one of my grandmothers used to reply to people who complained about prices. She was the one who drank a split of champagne (French, very dry) every morning at 11, because it refreshed her and because Bismarck, whom she admired, did the same. Ah well. However, *la vie est dure et la nourriture est chère* these days, so I will print some favorite pasta recipes that are inexpensive, go a long way, and make a good impression: pasta is fashionable right now, and even children will eat it.

FRESH PEA SAUCE

For 1 pound of spaghetti, linguine, or similar thin pasta

- ¼ pound Italian prosciutto or Canadian bacon
- 1 medium onion
- 1 garlic clove
- 1 3-inch piece of celery
- 1 cup parsley heads (preferably Italian parsley)
- ¼ cup olive oil
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1½ pounds peas, shelled (you may use one 10-ounce package of frozen peas, thawed, if absolutely necessary, but fresh peas are much better)
- ⅓ cup chicken bouillon
- 1 large tomato, peeled, seeded, and chopped
- 2 tablespoons minced fresh basil or 1 teaspoon dried basil
- Salt
- Freshly ground pepper
- Dash of Tabasco

- 1 pound pasta
- 2 tablespoons butter or ¼ cup heavy cream
- Freshly grated Parmesan cheese

On a chopping board, mince together the ham, onion, garlic, celery, and parsley. Heat together the olive oil and butter. Cook the minced vegetables in it over low heat for about 5 minutes. Add peas and bouillon. Cover and simmer the peas, stirring frequently, until they are almost tender. (Cooking time depends on the age of the peas.) Then add the tomato and basil, and season with salt, pepper, and Tabasco. The sauce should be moist but not soupy; if there is too much liquid, cook uncovered to allow evaporation. While the peas are cooking, cook the pasta in plenty of rapidly boiling salted water. Drain, turn into a heated serving dish, add the peas, and toss. Add the butter or cream and toss again. Serve immediately on heated plates, with plenty of freshly grated Parmesan cheese.

ZUCCHINI SAUCE

For 1 pound of ziti, mezzani, or other short-cut pasta

- ¼ cup olive oil
- ¼ cup butter
- ½ cup minced onion
- 1 garlic clove, minced
- ½ cup minced sweet green or red pepper
- 2 pounds small zucchini, sliced
- 3 cups tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and chopped, or 1½ cups drained Italian-style canned tomatoes
- Salt
- Freshly ground pepper
- Dash of Tabasco (optional)
- 1 pound pasta
- Freshly grated Parmesan cheese

Heat together the olive oil and the butter. Add the onion and the garlic, and cook, stirring constantly, for 2 minutes. Add all the other ingredients except the pasta and cheese, and mix well. Cook over low heat, covered, for about 15 to 20 minutes, stirring frequently. The zucchini should be tender, but still keep their shape. While the sauce is cooking, cook the pasta in plenty of rapidly boiling salted water. Drain, turn into a heated serving dish, add the sauce and toss carefully in order not to break the zucchini slices. Serve immediately on heated plates, with plenty of freshly grated Parmesan cheese.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

For 1 to 1½ pounds of spaghetti or linguine

- 6 tablespoons butter
- 4 medium onions, very thinly sliced
- 2 pounds mushrooms, thinly sliced
- Salt
- Freshly ground pepper
- ¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 to 1½ pounds pasta
- Freshly grated Parmesan cheese

Heat 3 tablespoons of the butter in a heavy saucepan. Add the onions. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, for about 4 minutes or until the onions are just beginning to turn golden. Cover the saucepan. Simmer over lowest possible heat for about 30 minutes, or until the onions are very soft but still light. Stir frequently. While the onions are cooking, heat the remaining butter in a large, deep frying pan. Add the mushrooms. Over medium heat, and stirring constantly, cook the mushrooms for about 4 minutes or until tender but still firm. Do not brown them. Lower the heat. Add the onions to the mushrooms and mix well. Season with salt and pepper and the nutmeg. Keep warm over an asbestos plate. While the vegetables are cooking, cook the spaghetti in plenty of boiling salted water until barely tender. Five minutes before serving time, stir the cream into the onion-mushroom mixture and heat through. Do not boil or the sauce will curdle. Drain the spaghetti; turn into a heated deep serving dish. Add sauce and toss. Serve with plenty of grated Parmesan cheese. □

WOES

RICHARD BAYAN

The Liberal Artist At Work

Like Sirens' voices heard from a passing ship, the liberal arts have charmed generations of lofty-minded students into a dazzling madness, a heady recklessness that banishes from their long-range plans all thoughts of mere survival. While prudent souls nod through the music with both ears firmly plugged, the liberal artist jumps ship for a promise of euphoria, and slips

below the waves. The shores of oblivion are strewn with his sorry bones. How sharp is the liberal artist's plunge from college to compost heap, and how inevitable! You will sooner meet a Tasmanian devil—or a live Phoenician—than a bona-fide liberal artist engaged in profitable work.

But look again: *this* liberal artist has willed a change of scene. Here is no sunless attic chamber, but a private office high above Sixth Avenue. The liberal artist sits behind a massive metal desk, clacks at a formidable typewriter, sends and receives messages via an official IN-OUT box. He has won a staff writer's post in the book division of a celebrated publishing empire. His salary, for the first time in long memory, lets him savor the luxury of guilt.

For I had landed a real job: writing for an audience of respectable, mildly educated burghers and their more inquisitive offspring; our books, all bountifully illustrated, were sold primarily by subscription. Since any subject with a glint of middlebrow or diluted high-brow appeal could—and eventually would—find daylight as an open-ended book series, I naturally glowed at the prospect of becoming a series planner—a Walt Disney of civilized publishing. Believe me, I could find no fault with these friendly, browseworthy books. They would keep me safely professionalized, yet exempt from the surly demands of specialization.

But wait—can this be? A skulking troll greets me at the bridge! The editors have assigned me—even today I cannot believe it—they have chained the liberal artist to a book on *plumbing* in a monumental series on *home repairs*. Here is a fine and fitting reward for having studied everything but the kitchen sink.

For fear that I would fade into an early dotage writing monographs on Byzantine grain supplies, I long ago decided, with some reluctance, to avoid an academic career. Now the slighted muse of scholarship could revel in the wayward scholar's distress. I could imagine no form of humiliation more perfect, no contrivance of the gods better suited for tweaking one's intel-

lectual proboscis, than my first task as staff writer: to prepare a two-page spread, with pictures, on the art of installing a new toilet.

Nonetheless, I was determined to earn my keep, so I thought it wise to learn something about my new field of pipes and spigots. Plumbing proved to be a grimly impressive science—a branch of anatomy describing a heartless synthetic circulatory system with copper arteries and cast-iron veins. Floor flanges, spud pipes, wax gaskets, soil stacks, cleanout plugs, and house traps now thrust themselves into my vocabulary like an army of occupation, driving into a glowering exile such plump and useless aristocrats as “otiose,” “orotund,” and “absquatulate.” As in any upheaval, nothing either lofty or frivolous could be salvaged from the old regime. The new order demanded a stripped-down mentality, functional as poured concrete.

THE LIBERAL ARTIST at work is a study in adaptation under duress. As a servant of the mass audience, he must prune his writing of irony, semicolons, ideas, and other easy tricks of literacy; he can ill afford to toy with the attention spans of his readers. He must learn to see that a well-wrought TV crime drama, for example, is a more technically perfect creation than *Moby Dick*, just as a sea-cucumber is a more perfect creature than a man. It has been programmed to succeed—nothing more or less. It succeeds by resembling as nearly as possible the surviving fellow members of its species. In short, it follows the prescribed formula.

Formulas! a bubonic pestilence on them! Such glossy and efficient devices they are—and yet how subtle, how teasing and elusive for the commercial hireling who must learn to use them

or die. Who has ever *seen* a formula? Try memorizing a formula for cynical use during office hours; you will find no rules to memorize.

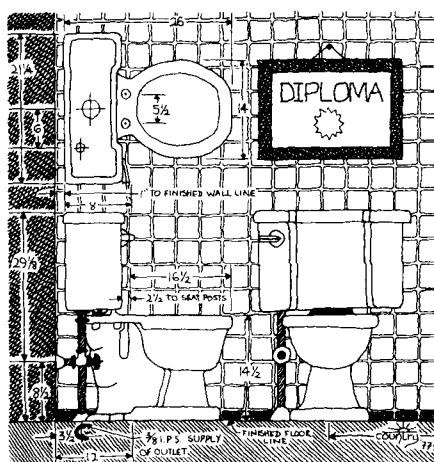
As far as I can determine, a formula is a state of mind, a glib collective mentality maintained by a team of knowing employees. I do not indict these decent folks for consenting to become intellectual herbivores; they had little choice in the matter. Mass culture is a collaborator's art, and the minds of collaborators must function as one mind. Those who are outsiders squander precious time and energy guessing at what insiders simply *know*.

“We don't expect our writers to read our minds,” the assistant managing editor told me one day in his office (for he had invited me there). “That would be impossible. So we use writers who think like *we* think.” Since he had not yet found sufficient evidence, in the three weeks I had been aboard, that I was thinking like my editors, he said he had reason to doubt my “future usefulness to the company.” I was granted another month to train myself in the idiom of *we-think* before the book division deserted Manhattan for its new quarters in the Confederacy. When it came time to move, I was denied a place on the ark.

Beyond my office window loomed the towering glass wall of an oblong skyscraper revealing, like some great transparent beehive, hundreds of nearly identical cells and their industrious occupants. Among this flourishing community of workers not a single stray could be seen—like the liberal artist—casting dolorous glances out the window. Happy are the many whose natures coincide with the mandatory formula, who can thrive on our fair planet without purging themselves of education, instinct, tenderness, and native wit. In their genes—not mine—resides the future of the species.

As for the liberal artist—this sad-eyed jester, this poor drone—he will continue to peddle his undesired wares like a piano merchant in Lapland, only to end his appointed span as a custodian of relics whose significance even he has forgotten. It seems safe to predict that, not long after this inclement century has winked into history, the last liberal artist will have joined the Mauritius dodo, the armored glyptodon, the elephant bird, and all the other classic misbegottens, equally ambitious in design and equally preposterous. □

Richard Bayan's previous misadventures were graphically described in “The Liberal Artist at Leisure” (NR, October 29). He continues, despite all adversity, to perfect the essay form.



BOOKS

Toward a Republic of Pigs

GEORGE W. CAREY

Using the freedoms of our First Amendment as a point of departure, Professor Berns ends up providing us with a far-ranging and utterly devastating indictment of secular liberalism. Indeed, no other single work of modern times illustrates so persuasively how the Supreme Court and our presumed "intellectual" elite, the guardians and purveyors of the liberal orthodoxy, have managed to distort the original meanings and purposes of our basic freedoms to suit their ideology, and how this revisionism endangers the very survival of our Republic.

Central to the development of Berns's indictment is the time-honored classical teaching that civil, orderly, and decent republican government depends on the moral character and virtue of the people. The political and social institutions of a republic thus bear a very special responsibility for constantly reinforcing and nourishing those values essential to its moral health. And this continuing responsibility is all the more imperative in the American context because, from our very beginning, we were destined to be a large commercial republic wherein there would flourish a distinct tendency to place great emphasis on materialistic goods and values with a corresponding de-emphasis of the necessary moral underpinnings. But that responsibility, says Berns, has been betrayed, most particularly by the Supreme Court's interpretations of the basic liberties contained in the First Amendment. The Court, after all, sets down the authoritative guidelines for permissible and impermissible use of our most important liberties. In this sense, the Court, far more than the President or Congress, is instrumental in determining the nature, level, and substance of what can be properly termed our public morality.

It is, then, on these very legitimate grounds that Berns turns to the Supreme Court and its interpretations of the First Amendment. His assessment will shock few who have kept abreast of the doings of our modern courts. Armed with the "wall of separation" shibboleth, they have exhibited an animosity toward organized religion which, save in a few cases, has prevented even non-sectarian state aid to church-related schools. Their solicitous concern for non-believers has served as an avenue for secularizing our public schools.

And the seeming aberrations in the Court's posture toward religion, most evident in the conscientious-objector and Amish cases, are not to be under-



stood as signifying a change of heart. Rather, they are understandable in light of an overarching liberal orthodoxy which is willing to equate any "sincere" belief with religious belief so long as it can be used as a basis for disobedience to the law.

Equally distressing, given Berns's premises, is the Court's record on freedom of speech and expression. Increasingly, the Court has embraced the rela-

The First Amendment and the Future of American Democracy

By Walter Berns

Basic Books, 266 pp., \$12.50

tivism of Justice Holmes. Thus, it finds itself completely helpless in trying to evolve standards for the legitimate purposes of free speech in a republican regime. Indeed, because its relativism has no place for guidelines or principles, the Court has abandoned established rules of decency, civility, and common sense which have emerged in the course of Western civilization. Examples of this abound: the Court, until a relatively recent date, set forth standards which were literally impossible for local government to meet in order to prohibit the rankest forms of pornography; it has interpreted the "rights" of individuals to include the use of the profanest language, written or spoken, even before a PTA gathering of parents and children; and, *inter alia*, it now views the Communist Party as being on a par with other political parties and, as such, entitled to the full enjoyment of our constitutional protections.

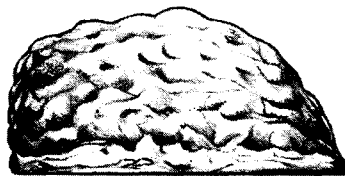
IN ALL, BERNs has presented us with a presumptive case that the Court, in its interpretations of the First Amendment freedoms, operates in a moral vacuum. Certainly, as Berns recognizes, the Court cannot save a people bent on self-destruction. Our political institutions can do only so much. Yet, we do not expect them to advance a morality, if one can call it that, suitable for a "republic of pigs," the more so as it is inimical to the moral sensibilities of the people they "govern."

While these and countless other decisions of the same genre scarcely bode

George W. Carey is a professor of government at Georgetown University. . . .

Harry V. Jaffa is a professor of political philosophy at Claremont Men's College in California. . . . William Murchison is on the editorial staff of the Dallas Morning News.

Where Do You Find The "New" Conservatives?



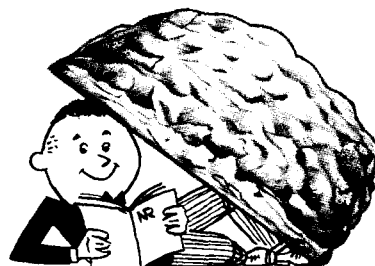
It stands to reason, an awful lot of potential conservatives (the "new" conservatives) in this land of over two hundred million people have never ever held a copy of **National Review** in their hands (what a shame *that* is!). We have no way of knowing who they are but we do believe they're missing something that could be mighty important to *all* of us—that unique other side of the news that you get only in NR. It's something you've simply got to have if you're going to be a truly informed conservative. And isn't that exactly what we need more of these days?

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RANDOM NOTES

■ FEBRUARY TITLES: Tony Hiss's biography of his father, *Laughing Last: Alger Hiss* (Houghton Mifflin, \$8.95), should have been called *Whistling in the Wind*. Alger doesn't appear to have laughed—in public, at any rate—since 1949. How, after all, does one laugh and complain at the same time? And, incidentally, about this “last” business: what makes him so sure? . . . David Atlee Phillips has written *The Night Watch* (Atheneum, \$10.95), at once an autobiography and a history of the CIA, in which he worked for 25 years and whose operations he continues to defend. . . . Karon Shanor, author of *The Fantasy Files: A Study of the Sexual Fantasies of Contemporary Women* (Dial, \$7.95), sent out questionnaires to more than three hundred women. The ladies appear to be full of animal aggressiveness but, as *PW* observes, “the erotic replies of as few as a dozen women tend to sound repetitive.” . . . In his new novel, *Found, Lost, Found*,

or, *The English Way of Life* (Stein & Day, \$8.95), J. B. Priestley takes satiric stock of the mores of contemporary Albion. . . . Henry H. Adams will publish *Harry Hopkins: A Biography* (Putnam, \$15), a life of the New Deal poet and philosopher who composed the deathless words: “We shall tax and tax, spend and spend. . . .” *Gates of Eden: American Culture in the Sixties* (Basic, \$12.50), by Morris Dickstein, describes the coming of the rough beast and its eventual gelding by the operation of Establishment politics. . . . According to Alvin Rosenfeld's *The Plot to Destroy Israel: The Road to Armageddon* (Putnam, \$8.95), the antisemitism of the Mohammedan religion and the humiliations of defeat at the hands of the Israeli army in 1967 have provoked among the Arabs a spirit of revenge that will not allow them to rest until the state of Israel has been utterly destroyed. . . . Alec Nisbett, a mathematician, has written *Konrad Lorenz: A Biography* (Harcourt, Brace, \$10) about the author of *On Aggression*, the famous student of animal behavior.

well for the health of the Republic in and of themselves, the way in which the Court has, over the years, distorted our tradition and the intentions of those who drafted the First Amendment is equally disturbing. For example, the debates on the First Amendment provisions, meager though they be, simply do not support the proposition that government may not aid religion, so long as such aid is non-sectarian. Nor can the First Amendment clauses relating to free speech and press be understood apart from the context of the prevailing common law, which merely prohibited prior restraint. Properly understood, these provisions in no conceivable way embody the extreme libertarian sentiments attributed to them by our modern courts.

MOREOVER, liberal justices have, consistent with their ideological dogmas, shown a marked selectivity in citing sources which ostensibly reflect our tradition regarding the First Amendment freedoms. They have recurred frequently to Madison's “Memorial and Remonstrance” for an understanding of the establishment clause, and to the sundry remarks of Jefferson for support of their libertarian views on speech and the press. In this, they have shown almost total ignorance by misinterpreting the context, or by grossly exaggerating the extent to which these sources do

indeed represent the consensus of our founding period. They would have done well to consult the debates on the First Amendment, brief as they are, if only to ask why they are so brief, as well as what considerations seemed uppermost to those who participated in them. They would have discovered a new world of intellectual discourse if they had actually read Marshall, Washington, Story, Kent, and, among others, Cooley.

Having effectively cut itself off from our tradition and the answers our forefathers provided to the perplexing questions on the purposes of liberty under a republican form of government, the Court, Berns concludes, “has allowed itself to be carried about on the wind of modern doctrine.” It does not remember the answers of the Founders. Writes Berns: “Why is free speech good? The Court doesn't know. Was free speech intended to serve republican government and only republican government? The Court doesn't care what the original intention was. Is there a connection between decent public discourse and decent government? The Court doesn't even bother to wonder.”

If our problem, as Berns suggests, is a loss of memory, then his remarkable and magnificent book should serve to restore it in very short order. But, alas, I fear the problem is far deeper than this. □

Roosevelt and Churchill, 1939-1941: The Partnership That Saved the West

By Joseph P. Lash

Norton, 528 pp., \$12.95

THE (OKAY) IMPERIAL PRESIDENCY

HARRY V. JAFFA

Did the partnership of Roosevelt and Churchill in the years 1939-1941 “save the West”? Mr. Lash's book, as the subtitle indicates, affirms a thesis rather than inquiring into a disputed question. To be more precise, it is an historical narrative which rests upon an assumption, and that assumption is that the perspective of the Oval Office during these years was correct. As a narrative it is excellent. While no work on this subject could yet be called definitive, this one appears to be based upon more complete sources than any that has hitherto appeared. Nor can we find anything in Mr. Lash's presentation to justify any charge that his partisanship has distorted his scholarship. In keeping with Lord Charnwood's famous maxim, he seems, not to have omitted any facts because they told against his own point of view. He has given us good political history.

Although Mr. Lash betrays no doubt as to the fundamental wisdom of Mr. Roosevelt's conduct of our foreign relations in these years, he does show a certain uneasiness over the precedents it supplied—precedents for exercises of presidential power less felicitous than FDR's, notably in Vietnam and Watergate. Mr. Lash does not, except in marginal instances, debate the charges made against FDR by the revisionist historians of the period, led by the late Charles A. Beard. These charges accuse the President of rendering aid to Great Britain that was not sanctioned by law, of ordering a naval war without congressional authorization, and, in general, of breaking down constitutional limitations on the conduct of foreign policy.

There is little disagreement between Mr. Lash and such critics concerning



the facts. Disagreement is over the interpretation of the facts. Mr. Lash believes that what FDR did assured the survival of Britain and, ultimately, the defeat of Hitler. He is on the side of those who believe that presidential power lawfully expands in the face of emergency or crisis. In one place, Mr. Lash quotes Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.'s *Imperial Presidency* in defense of Mr. Roosevelt's "shoot on sight" orders to the Navy, vis-à-vis German submarines, in September 1941. The President's choice, wrote Schlesinger, "was to go to Congress and risk the fall of Britain to Hitler or to proceed on his own with measures which, 'whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon under what appeared to be a popular demand and a public necessity: trusting then as now that Congress would readily ratify them.'"

Mr. Lash does not seem to be aware that the quotation within the quotation is taken from Lincoln's message to Congress, July 4, 1861. Lincoln is speaking of his several calls for troops after the firing upon Fort Sumter. Some of these, he said frankly, had no legal foundation. Lincoln's "popular demand" was of course limited to the free states, and it varied considerably within them. He could "trust" Congress only because the seceded states had withdrawn their representatives; nevertheless, he did have a congressional foundation for his actions that Roosevelt did not have. Moreover, the attack on Fort Sumter had transformed secession into insurrection, providing a definite constitutional foundation for military action.

What Lincoln did after Fort Sumter cannot, strictly speaking, be compared to what FDR did before Pearl Harbor. In a larger sense, however, the question remains: Do the American people expect their Presidents to take bold action, on the margins of Executive prerogative, whenever they deem such action necessary to fulfill their oath to 'preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States'? One may even ask whether a President should not be willing to risk impeachment in order to be worthy of the office. In the last analysis, it is the nature

of the crisis—or the nature of one's understanding of the crisis—which will determine the manner of one's response to this question.

Nothing is more instructive, in understanding the issues raised by this book, than to do something Mr. Lash does not do: to recapture the point of view that made isolationism in these years plausible. Consider that Britain and France had, in 1938, fecklessly cast away Czechoslovakia, the toughest nut for Hitler to crack in Eastern Europe. So unpre-



pared was Germany in 1938 to attack the Czechs behind their mountain strongholds that—as we now know—the German generals were on the point of attempting to overthrow Hitler on the eve of Chamberlain's flight to Munich. A year later, the Western allies gave to Poland the pledges they had refused to Czechoslovakia. But Poland had neither the resources nor the frontiers of Czechoslovakia, and Germany itself was now far stronger. The only power that, by the summer of 1939, could have aided Poland was Russia. And Western leadership had made no attempt—until it was too late—to involve Russia in the containment of Hitler's Germany. By the summer of 1940, not only Poland but Norway, the Low Countries, and France had fallen.

Britain, alone among the Western nations, remained uncowed and unconquered. But after the fall of France, Britain could hope to do little more than stave off invasion. It had no resources for attacking and destroying Hitler on the Continent. Yet that was the policy Churchill proclaimed. For his part, Hitler was extremely anxious to strike a bargain with the West. FDR was, therefore, not simply helping Churchill's Britain fend off defeat. He was helping Churchill fend off a compromise peace. The policy implied by sending aid to Britain in the summer of 1940 could only have been carried to success with the participation of both the United States and the Soviet Union. But the latter was then allied to Hitler, and the American public had not the slightest desire to pull from the fire the chestnuts that the British had cast into it at Munich. Here is how

Sir Basil Liddell Hart, the foremost military historian of World War II, viewed the situation after Dunkirk.

By refusing to consider any peace offer the British government had committed the country to a course that under such conditions was bound logically to lead through growing exhaustion to eventual collapse—even if Hitler abstained from invasion. . . . The United States might pump in "air" to keep Britain afloat, but that would merely prolong the process, not . . . avert the end.

But the British people . . . were instinctively stubborn and strategically ignorant. . . . Never was their collective characterization as a bulldog so clearly demonstrated, and justified, in all its sublime stupidity.

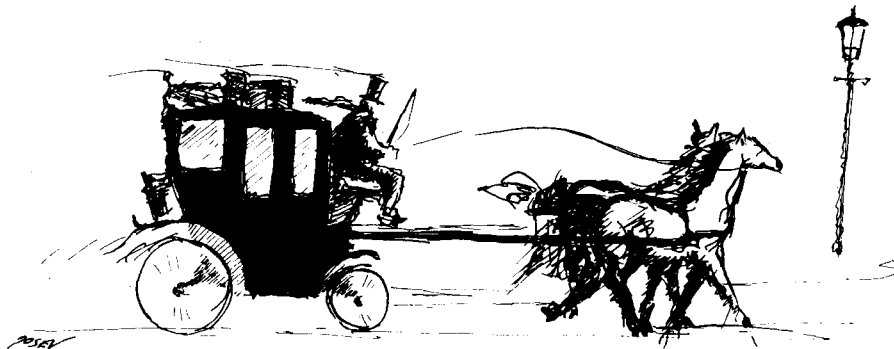
This is how the voices counseling "moderation" to Britain, and "isolation" to the United States, saw things in 1940. No trend in history seemed clearer at the time than the ascendancy of the Nazis. It was called, as Mrs. Lindbergh's famous tract of the time was called, "the wave of the future." We hear the same doctrine emanating from powerful places today. Sir Basil to the contrary, however, Mr. Roosevelt was not simply a victim of strategic ignorance, nor was his judgment overcome by Churchillian rhetoric or quixotic sympathy.

PERHAPS NOTHING bound Roosevelt to Churchill in this period more than a common devotion to the teachings of Admiral Mahan. Mr. Lash's book is particularly good in showing Mr. Roosevelt as a highly professional student of sea power, both in theory and in practice. (The latter resulted from his long service as Assistant Secretary of the Navy during both Administrations of Woodrow Wilson.) Neither Roosevelt nor Churchill believed in the possibility of a peace with Hitler in which Britain's independence would be preserved. Nor did either believe that the United States could long preserve its independence if all the European navies, including the British navy (with the Japanese navy in alliance), came under Hitler's control. No part of Mr. Lash's story is more fascinating than the account of FDR's quest for assurances that, no matter what happened, the British government would not allow the fleet to fall into the Germans' hands. Churchill's great "We will fight on the beaches . . ." speech ends with the assertion that, even if the islands

should be successfully invaded, the fight would still go on, from the Empire beyond the seas, "armed and guarded by the British fleet." This was in part a reassurance directed toward his American friends.

But if, behind the scenes, Roosevelt was protesting to Churchill the limits placed upon his actions by both the Constitution and public opinion, Churchill for his part had to remind Roosevelt that he could not bind his constitutional successors. Peace with Hitler in the summer of 1940 was possible only by replacing Churchill. And Churchill could have been replaced

when Mr. Roosevelt told the mothers of America, "again and again and again," that their sons would not be sent to fight in foreign wars—he was conscious of saying what he did not believe. In the midst of the 1940 election campaign, Roosevelt may simply not have been thinking of the full extent of the commitment he was making. Moreover, like Churchill, he was partial to blockades, and to strategy that emphasized sea and air power and minimized the use of large armies. It was the influence of Marshall and the Russians, in the later years of the war, that changed all that.



only by a government that preferred Hitler's good will to Roosevelt's. The price of that good will would certainly have included the British fleet. Roosevelt and Churchill were thus wedded to each other by the common conviction that Anglo-American freedom depended upon Anglo-American naval supremacy.

As Churchill himself affirms in his memoirs, the Battle of the Atlantic was the most decisive arena of conflict in the entire war, and it was very nearly lost. The destroyers-for-bases deal, the occupation of Greenland and Iceland, the extension of the American naval zone ever eastward, the "shoot on sight" orders—every one of which was almost certainly illegal, either in international law, or in American constitutional law, strictly construed—must be viewed against this dread background. Churchill would pull as hard as he could from the one side, but America First and its political allies were pulling just as hard from the other. The public mind was itself divided, wishing for things inconsistent with each other. A majority at almost every stage wanted to help Britain, but a much larger majority did not want to help Britain if that meant entering the war. Mr. Roosevelt, who was a great master of telling people what they wanted to hear, did what he knew best how to do. Yet it is by no means certain that—

Mr. Lash's book superbly recaptures the atmosphere of official Washington after the invasion of the Soviet Union, June 22, 1941. We are reminded how little confidence there was that the Red Army would last the summer. The services were fighting hard for everything Mr. Roosevelt wished to send abroad. Mr. Lash offers evidence that those who were most wrong about the character of Stalin's regime—such as "Mission to Moscow" Davies—were most right about the fighting capabilities of the Red Army. Among the British in Moscow, the radical socialist Cripps was the most willing to use the crisis to bargain hard with Stalin, while the Tory Beaverbrook was the most willing to give him everything without strings.

Whatever relief Roosevelt and Churchill may have felt at Hitler's turn to the East, the immediate impact of the invasion was to greatly exacerbate the supply problem. With Anglo-American naval resources now strained to the uttermost, the attitude of Japan became ever more menacing. The United States needed to keep its entire fleet concentrated in the Pacific in order to restrain the Japanese. But it also needed many more ships in the Atlantic for its cooperative convoy system, now running to Murmansk as well as to Liverpool. The claims upon our insufficient naval resources consti-

tuted an excruciating dilemma. That the United States could have built a two-ocean navy before the war—as it was presently to do during the war—constitutes a lesson, not only for yesterday, but for tomorrow.

THOSE WHO charge Mr. Roosevelt with maneuvering the Japanese into firing the first shot are of course correct. Both Ickes and Stimson wanted the United States to take pre-emptive military action, but Mr. Roosevelt said no, we were a democratic people. But the President, as scholar of naval power, saw from first to last that the Anglo-American naval hegemony, like the seas themselves, was indivisible. When war came in 1941, it was because the United States had laid down a line beyond which it had declared that Japan might not go. And that line was in Indochina.

All this was certainly implied, if only dimly foreseen, by the decision to "pump air" into that sinking life raft in the spring and summer of 1940. Whatever may be said of Mr. Roosevelt's decisions earlier in his career, or later in the war, this at any rate was his finest hour. □

Controversy: And Other Essays in Journalism 1950-1975

By William Manchester

Little, Brown, 404 pp., \$12.95

THE MAN WHO KNEW JACKIE

WILLIAM MURCHISON

Little did William Manchester guess what he was letting himself in for when he agreed, cheerfully enough, to write the "authorized" account of John F. Kennedy's assassination. That book, *The Death of a President*, turned out to be a soapy saga of 710 pages whose worth to history probably consists more in Manchester's prodigious research than in his sometimes prolix judgments on men and events. However, the controversy which resulted from his attempts to placate both the Kennedys and his own conscience in writing it was a kind of backstage brawl in a displaced Camelot, invested by the press—news was dull at the time—with cosmic significance. Nearly a decade later, the controversy is largely

Dark Horses



M. STANTON EVANS

WHEN IT COMES to ingesting harmful substances, I am as libertarian as the next man—unless the next man happens to be Murray Rothbard or David Friedman. If consenting adults choose to addle their brains with fashionable toxins, I figure that is pretty much their business, and none of mine.

There are, however, a couple of provisos involved here. One is that the people inveigled into using such substances be adults, not children; the other is that everybody on the receiving end have fairly accurate information about what he is consuming. Those are provisos that, in recent years at least, have been more or less observed in the case of alcohol and tobacco, but widely ignored in the case of the latest drug of choice, marijuana.

Consider the data relayed by the National Institute on Drug Abuse in its annual publication *Marijuana and Health* (U.S. Government Printing Office, \$1.90). According to this agency, marijuana use among young Americans is assuming epidemic scope. It is estimated that 53 per cent of all Americans between the ages of 18 and 25 have tried the drug, while one sample of high-schoolers suggests that 64 per cent of senior boys and 46 per cent of ninth-graders have done so.

The level of youthful marijuana use has increased in tempo with a steady public-relations effort to depict the weed as a pleasant "recreational drug," less harmful than tobacco or alcohol. This image has been steadily propagated by references in the media to pot as an amusing diversion; the diligent efforts of the marijuana lobby, and ambiguous-to-favorable statements by people in positions of authority.

An example in the last-named category is *Ganja in Jamaica* (Anchor, \$2.95), edited by Vera Rubin and Lambros Continas. This is a bowdlerized version of an official report got up a few years back for the National Institute of Mental Health concerning the effects of chronic marijuana use by agricultural workers in the West Indies. It has been widely hailed as showing that marijuana in the Jamaican context

is a "work energizer" that causes no demonstrable harm to health.

Reading the text of the report suggests some different conclusions. It develops, for one thing, that marijuana decreases the work efficiency of even the most primitive laborers—a consistent finding of the research team. The users *think* it improves efficiency because it is a euphoriant that eases the sense of boredom in performing dull, unpleasant tasks. The notion that pot is a "work energizer" thus enjoys scientific status roughly comparable to that of the famous midnight dictum, "I drive better when I'm drunk."

As for the Jamaica experiment's findings on long-term health effects, these are of little clinical value given the smallness of the sample (thirty smokers and thirty controls) and the fact that 28 of the sixty cell cultures declined to grow. These items are glossed over by enthusiasts promoting the report, but are alluded to by *Marijuana and Health* ("technical deficiencies in the methodology"), and by Dr. Gabriel Nahas of Columbia University in his valuable study, *Keep Off the Grass* (Reader's Digest Press, \$7.95).

DR. NAHAS is a physiologist and anaesthesiologist who has done substantial research on the effects of marijuana use. The principal finding from his lab analyses is that the drug inhibits creation of new cells to protect the body from disease—a serious conclusion in itself, rendered more so by its implications for malfunction in the synthesis of DNA and possible genetic consequences.

These effects, Nahas observes, are in addition to other established properties of marijuana: accumulation of the active ingredient in body tissue including the brain (not true of alcohol), debilitation of short-term memory, and interference with mental function generally, especially in matters involving complex ideas or sustained attempts at intellectual coordination. Present and prospective users would be well advised to read this book before proceeding any further. □

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forgotten, but it remains a fascinating story, and Manchester has retold it now in a volume of friendly and agreeable essays spanning 25 years of writing.

Manchester reveals himself as a friendly and agreeable man: that is perhaps the first thing to note in this tale of how the Kennedys, having chosen him as "their" author, came eventually to mistrust and malign him. The question arises: Why Manchester? Why a non-famous non-scholar to undertake the official Kennedy version of the days leading to and following November 22, 1963? "I think Jackie picked me," confesses Manchester, "because she thought I would be manageable." After all, when Manchester had written a book about the Kennedy Presidency, he had submitted the galleys to JFK in case presidential quotations needed doctoring. The Kennedys were eager to avoid flamboyance and commercialism in the writing of the assassination story, and Jackie was incensed that Jim Bishop, whose style and personality she detested, was already at work on such a book. What right had Bishop to butt in? Who had asked him? There would be one official account, only one, and it would be written by Manchester, with the family empowered by written memorandum to review and approve the manuscript.

A SUFFICIENTLY straightforward agreement, Manchester thought as he set to work; but, then, he had not reckoned with the exasperating qualities of a mighty clan hoping, despite its late tragedy, to make itself mightier yet; nor had he counted on the obsequiousness the clan still inspired in its retainers.

Working nonstop, with a brief hospitalization for nervous exhaustion to prove it, Manchester had a complete draft in hand by February 1966. Neither Jackie nor Robert Kennedy, the head of the family, wished to read it because of the agonizing memories it would awaken; the job devolved upon two trusted family friends, Ed Guthman of the *Los Angeles Times* and John Seigenthaler, editor of the *Nashville Tennessean*, along with Evan Thomas of Harper & Row, the publishing firm to which the Kennedys had awarded the Manchester manuscript. (Thomas was the son of Norman Thomas, the redoubtable old Socialist.)

The readings went well at first; pro-

fuse compliments rained down on Manchester's head. It was a splendid book; a little touching up here and there, and an enduring masterpiece would be born. But after a time Manchester began to gather that all was less well than it seemed. Thomas appeared eager to prune passages that reflected poorly on the man who had succeeded Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson. It would not do for Manchester to say, for example, that "To [LBJ] the shortest distance between two points was a tunnel." Thomas evidently feared Johnson might think baleful thoughts of the publisher and of Bobby Kennedy, a Harper & Row author, whose presidential aspirations Johnson might choose to thwart.

BY MIDSUMMER, nevertheless, Seigenthaler, Guthman, and Thomas had approved the manuscript with relatively minor changes. The serialization rights were sold to *Look* for an unprecedented \$665,000. It was then that Jackie began to raise tearful objections. Serialization she had not counted on; the tragedy would be spread out again before the world. Manchester came slowly to realize that she did not want anyone at all to read what he had written. "I thought that it would be bound in black and put away on dark library shelves," she said of the book that was supposed to inscribe in marble the events of November 22.

Her brother-in-law began to buckle under the pressure: Bobby could scarcely break with a national heroine (whom Manchester calls "a very great tragic actress"). He tried to withdraw permission to publish and serialize, but Manchester was having none of it, nor of the attempts by Pam Turnure, Jackie's secretary, to blot out undignified details such as the President's habit of strolling about in his underwear at bedtime. Thomas increasingly backed the Kennedys. Yes, of course the book should be published—but surely some tasteful pruning was in order! An interview Manchester had at Hyannisport with Jackie (who still declined to read the manuscript) produced only tears and maunderings. Meanwhile, Bobby and his political advisors had begun taking to heart Thomas' fear of Johnsonian displeasure. Their strategy, as Manchester relates it, was to leak the news that Manchester had savaged LBJ but that the clan was fighting valiantly to make things right.

The national publicity mounted.

Manchester sought refuge in England; thither he was pursued by Thomas and his superior at Harper & Row, Cass Canfield, demanding further textual changes. Manchester was on the verge of pneumonia. At length, unsatisfied by the concessions "their" author was amenable to, the Kennedys sued to block publication. Whereupon the tale degenerates into low comedy. The Manchester home in Middletown, Conn. is besieged by television crews; the would-be servers of Manchester's subpoena are besieged by neighborhood kids; the author tries to hide in New York; recognized on Madison Avenue, he frantically buys a pair of rhinestone-framed dark glasses and is accosted by a homosexual. Ultimately—no comedy now—he finally *is* hospitalized for pneumonia.

In time, of course, the Kennedys, sensing the futility of the whole mistaken enterprise, were to yield. The suit was dropped in return for some further editorial changes. *The Death of a President* was duly published on April 7, 1967, and became a best-seller, with most of the proceeds going to the Kennedy Library. But what an unedifying pre-publication spectacle, and what a bad taste it leaves! The showy emotionalism, the attempts at manipulation, the fawning servitude of faithful courtiers—none of it is very redolent of the glory that was Camelot-on-the-Potomac. Or was there ever a Camelot to begin with? Reading *Controversy*, one wonders; one really does. □

FICTION

A Certain Man

By Zane Kotker

Knopf, 367 pp., \$8.95

COMPLIMENTARY COPY

D. KEITH MANO

You'll think I'm neurotic. Not once in the last 15 years, not once, have I chosen a book to read. They arrive from someplace else: omens, messages. I open them as I'd open a midnight telegram. There are two large cloth sacks beside my desk: I load these, fifty or sixty books in each, without looking, by pure chance, at a certain bookstore. I finish every book: from preface to appendix. (If I lose the book

I'm on I *cannot*—it's, well, physical—start another until I've procured a second copy. In one case I went through February without reading: the longest month that year.) And bizarre items come out: a dictionary, a Bible, books I *know* could not have been placed there by human agency. The thing scares me. Again and again, right on time, books pertinent to my writing, to my current life's crisis, are sent along. Trinity Sunday, 1974, I pulled a novel about Nicodemus: figure the percentage on that coincidence. These cloth sacks have supervised my mind more than any person or ideology. It's a way—there should be other ways—in which I let the spirit operate unquestioned. Like belonging to some supernatural Literary Guild.

Books are my trade of course. *NR* can't wait beyond 1979 for a review assignment to percolate up through the cloth sack. Usually I let Chilton Williamson pick: that's random enough. But *A Certain Man* appeared carrying eerie portents with it. Made sensitive as I have been by home-grown teleology, you'll understand why I expect instant revelation. It came in the mail, a compliment of Zane Kotker. Invariably I refuse all such compliments at my post office. Yet, mistaking this for another book, I brought *A Certain Man* home. Its blurb astonished me: a novel about the Minors, that very ancient and dour Connecticut family. My mother was called Minor once: these, I thought, are ancestors. Zane Kotker couldn't know the Mano Connecticut genealogy: my uncle, and no one else, cares about that. I phoned. I had reviewed her first novel in the *Times*, Zane Kotker told me, that's why she sent it: a simple explanation. Except that I hadn't. I'd never heard of Zane Kotker. Oh, I reckoned, this is a gift, special book rate, from the Holy Ghost. You don't have to ask me if God works in history.

IT WAS A gift. But not the sort I had put in for. *A Certain Man* is fine. I use that word for its several meanings: preciseness, high moral character, *claritas*, intensity of vision. Zane Kotker's style is 35-jewel. You can't hardly get workmanship like that nowadays. Fine, too, for the decentness and reserve of its theme. Charles Minor is a Protestant clergyman. The novel tells off his life as rosaries are told off: in order, vertebra by vertebra. An unsensational

man who, with very pedestrian virtue, lugged love and increase along wherever he went. Minor's goodness has verisimilitude: off-hand, I can't think of a more impressive literary achievement. It just isn't possible to make the good sound authentic in 1977. Excessive evil is interesting; excessive good tends to seem sentimental and hyperbolic. The novel is contemporaneous with an age, that last age perhaps, when Christianity reached even Tuesday and Wednesday. Minor will die in 1963. The same second date is on JFK's memorial, a date which has come to stand for some unanalyzed (but, I suspect, real) national dying. And what—Zane Kotker asks rhetorically—what, after all is said and done, has been the bottom-line profit of Minor's athletic, unassuming love?

NOT AN AWFUL lot. Not if you score success by Benthamite pleasure-pain arithmetic. Good works are transient and easily lost. "What else could it be but fear?" Mrs. Minor has seen fright in her husband's dead eye. "Dying alone with a vacant-faced stranger when you had expected light and



transcendence, the shining face, the glorious presence of." But faith is not faith that hasn't been roundly doubted. A last glance of fear doesn't invalidate the Christian life any more than *Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani* invalidated His. I mean, martyrs had it made: one long moment—high, sharp, terrific—no large attention span required. Much harder to die, as Charles Minor did, off-stage in some hospital elevator. Christianity is not a sudden, cinematic instant. It's a profession, like keeping in shape. Daily. Nor does it often have intimate

commerce with signs and wonders, even the little signs that come out of a cloth sack. Zane Kotker's novel was counter-revelation; was revelation for that reason. It is a fine book: heartening and stalwart and devout. It made me better. I learned—with disappointment, with reassurance—that I won't have to die for my faith. Just in it. That's all the martyrdom most of us deserve. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, by Arthur C. Danto (*Viking*, 175 pp., \$8.95). This book is more admirable by far than its subject. Arthur Danto makes sense out of Sartre; indeed, I suspect he finds more sense in Sartre than is there: beauty here is in the eye of the beholder. And at times, Professor Danto's glasses are so rosy that they obscure his view. Sartre's Marxism is mentioned exclusively in philosophical contexts. Danto is so busy praising Sartre that he does not get around to mentioning Sartre's indulgence for Soviet death camps, his refusal to protest against them, his refusal even to protest the killing or imprisonment of fellow intellectuals. Sartre's attitude is so revolting that Solzhenitsyn refused to receive him in Moscow, or anywhere else. Rightly. For such an attitude as Sartre's, though always wrong, would be forgivable in someone exclusively devoted to literary or philosophical pursuits. But Sartre is an *homme de lettres engagé*. He prides himself on his participation in politics. Thus, his support for the slave-masters in the Gulag Archipelago is not a moral lapse. It is a self-induced moral blindness which any biographer has a duty to confront, lest he too be infected. Still, apart from this important caveat, I have nothing but praise for Danto's book. His expository style is clear and swift. As I said, he perhaps makes Sartre's philosophy more coherent than it actually is, and gives more credit for originality than is deserved; but generosity in such matters becomes a biographer. Danto presents a sensitive analysis of the literary works; although here I think he sometimes gives philosophical (epistemological) credit where Sartre deserves psychological credit for acute introspective insight and articulation. But whatever their source, Sartre succeeds in embodying his insights and sensibilities in his protagonists, and Danto relays them brilliantly. He deserves even more credit for tackling the major philosophical works, which, though less sustained, rival Heidegger for turgid obscurity, if not for originality. *Mirabile dictu*, Danto makes them lucid. I cannot think of a better introduction to Sartre.

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BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 142)

viduals. Twelve years ago when Goldwater was nominated, YAF boasted two delegates. That's progress!

To be sure, we haven't reshaped youth attitudes (but we are a "presence" in the room), or produced dozens of rock singers and Beautiful People (save an occasional poet), or organized on every campus (though we're on many, to be sure), but on balance I believe YAF's record is one to be proud of.

As for the "weird" people in YAF, I can only reply that as a mass-membership organization, YAF attracts many different kinds of people to its ranks, opera lovers and rock fans, leisure-suit buffs and fashion plates, acne faces and the naturally handsome. Our percentage of "weirdos" is no higher than that of any other group that attempts to reach out to a wide constituency, especially a young one.

In contrast to, say, the 1972 delegates to the Democratic (or is it Democrat?) Convention in Miami Beach, our members' sophistication is staggering.

One final thought: Is today's conservative a magnificent anachronism unsuited and, more importantly, unwilling to compete for the minds of the American people? Elitism is fretting over the blue-collar vote while teeing off on the back nine of Burning Tree. Elitism is bemoaning conservative failure to identify with the common man while laughing hysterically at anyone who doesn't shop for his threads at Brooks Brothers. Elitism is agreeing with someone in principle but refusing to get involved in nitty-gritty organizing because those people are so "weird."

Until we make a serious attempt to overcome the old phobias and social niceties of the prevailing Zeitgeist, conservatives will continue to lose battles, on the campus and at the ballot box.

Nonetheless, we welcome Chris Buckley to our ranks, as we do anyone who believes in the principles of the Sharon Statement.

Sincerely,

Frank J. Donatelli

Executive Director

Young Americans for Freedom

Woodland Road, Sterling, Va.

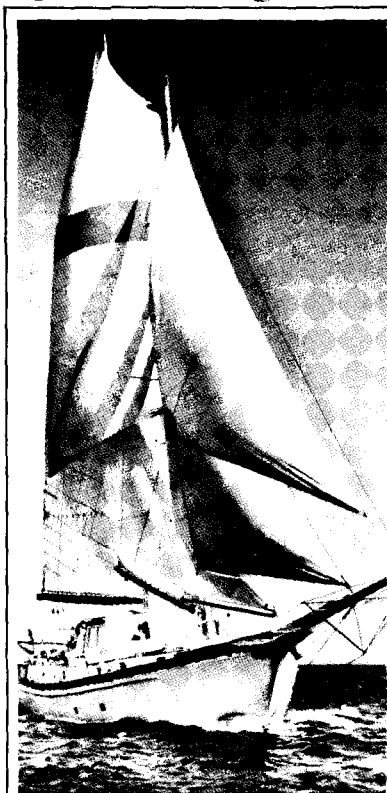
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Cyrano

Innocents Abroad

New York, Jan. 12—One of the matters concerning which the new Administration ought to express itself is the credit being extended to the Soviet Union for the purpose of (choose one) a) reorienting its economy to peacetime pursuits; or b) burying us. The capitalist community in America isn't quite sure which of the two it will be, but, exercising its inclination to economic prudence, it appears to be betting on a).

The other day, in Nabvrezhnye Chelny, USSR, they opened up a trucking plant built, substantially, by United States technology and United States capital. A little perspective is in order. In 1970, the Russians invited Henry Ford to Moscow where he was treated like Marco Polo, and if anyone during the banquets held in his honor uttered a whispering word of derogation of the capitalist system, the offender was no doubt sent off to Gulag for ten years. But it did not work: on returning to the United States, Mr. Ford announced that his company would not build a truck plant for the Soviet Union. No doubt he was in part motivated by the flow of Russian truck traffic from North Vietnam to South Vietnam carrying ammunition for use against American soldiers. Capitalists aren't dumb: the more American soldiers killed in Vietnam, you see, the fewer potential buyers of Ford cars.

The Russians blasted the decision of Henry Ford—all that hospitality wasted—and said that, after all, all they needed to do was bestow their commercial favors elsewhere. However, the months went by and no other company stepped forward, presumably because Europeans didn't have the right combination of technology and credit.

But American companies in due course came in. A combine of the Pullman Company, IBM, Westinghouse, Ingersoll-Rand, and others stepped forward and, \$4 billion later, the curtains were drawn on the Kama River plant. Listen to the report from Mr. David Shipler of the *New York Times*:

"... the whole effort is already being hailed by both sides as a huge monument to the power of Soviet and American economic cooperation. The Kama

River plant embodies the Soviet passion for bigness and the American attitude for automation. By its sheer size, the huge complex, which covers more than 38 square miles and will employ 90,000 workers, is as bold as the thunder of a propaganda poster, embodying the industrial might and heroism that constitute much of the Soviet definition of socialism and patriotism."

Now it isn't as though we and our brothers in the Kremlin had had a perfect time of it. Something happened along the way, namely the Jackson Amendment, the terms of which deny to the Soviet Union the economic benefits of Most Favored Nation until the Soviet Union permits its nationals the right to emigrate guaranteed under the Soviet Constitution and the United Nations Declaration on Human Rights.

THERE ARE interesting arguments to the effect that the Jackson Amendment is the wrong kind of pressure to use in foreign affairs; but it is hard to marshal emotional arguments against it. Such feelings are not entertained at the Kama River plant by Communist officials, needless to say; but not by Americans, either. Listen.

"Foreign Trade Minister Nikolai Patolichev said in a speech that without some change soon, Moscow would turn more of its attention to trade with other countries. . . . At a dinner here, American executives rose one after another to toast their Soviet hosts and to denounce the law; one even thanked the Russians for being so 'patient' with the United States."

The American capitalist who is so embarrassed by American obstructionism in our relations with the Soviet Union is well known in Soviet mythology. He is the proverbial capitalist who will sell the Communists the rope with which to hang the last capitalist. He may not be exactly typical of American capitalists. But he is the quintessential capitalist as seen by the dissidents within the Soviet Union—the man Solzhenitsyn talked about when he addressed the AFL-CIO Convention in Washington in 1975. How should these capitalists abroad be regarded by Americans in general? Concerning that question

we shall have, as they say in the bureaucracy, some inputs. Coming up. □

INNOCENTS ABROAD, II

New York, Jan. 16—Is it the responsibility of

American business firms, acting individually, to refuse to trade with the Soviet Union? The question has been argued over the generations since Eisenhower began, fitfully and cautiously, to relax the comprehensive embargo placed on trade in the late 1940s. It is a vexed question, brought home by the dispatch last week describing the dinner between American business executives and Soviet trade officials at the huge Kama River truck plant at which Americans sought to outdo themselves in toasting their Soviet hosts, with one American specifically apologizing to the Russians for the Jackson Amendment (withholding Most Favored Nation treatment for Russia while it denies passports to those who wish to emigrate), and thanking the Russians for their "patience."

Let us attempt a couple of fundamental distinctions. At one end of the trade spectrum are the instruments of war or of torture. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, addressing the AFL-CIO in 1975 and deploring the activities of many American capitalists, made a direct reference to a recent exhibit in the Soviet Union of United States anti-criminal technology: an exhibit that so engrossed the Russians they put in orders for the lot, cash on the barrelhead. The problem, Solzhenitsyn pointed out, being that we were selling our scientific paraphernalia not to the law-abiding for use against criminals, but—given the constitution of Soviet authority—to criminals (the people who run Russia) for use against those who would abide by the law (the dissenters, who wish to implement the provisions of the Soviet Constitution and the UN Declaration of Human Rights). It was rather like inventing the guillotine for the purpose of slaughtering cattle, and then selling it to Robespierre in full knowledge of the uses to which he intended to put it.

At the other end of the spectrum is,

On The Right

let us say, wheat. Wheat is not thought of as grist either for Russia's torture mills or for its war machine. To be sure, if one were persuaded to think of wheat as, say, the ecologists think of the least effluent, as the nutritionists think of beef fatteners, as the conservationists think of the bald eagle, we would be arguing that wheat was an indispensable and indistinguishable part of the whole—of the entire imperialistic Soviet enterprise; and of course it is. No wheat, no guns. Still, the soritical leap from bread to nuclear missiles gives time for the easing of the capitalist conscience.

In between the two is such hardware as the Kama plant will produce, and such hardware as went into the development of the Kama plant. And always there is the question of credit. It is estimated that the Soviet Union now owes Western banks \$40 billion. The rule of thumb of international bankers is that a nation's debt service (i.e., yearly interest plus amortization) ought not to exceed 15 per cent of its hard-currency earnings. But the Soviet figure has risen to 25 per cent, and this in a nation that devotes more than twice as large a share of its GNP to the military as we do. In the past five years, the West has increased by ten times goods exported to the Soviet Union. The reciprocal figure is four times. The differential is, essentially, Western credit.

The significance of this analysis is that Soviet economic threats against the United States ("We will take our business elsewhere!") are largely empty. It is a grand version of the indigent, refused credit at the bar, who announces he will patronize a competitor. And the significance of this datum is that the residual problem is really a political problem. Will the governments of the West use the leverage they have over the Soviet Union to force it to retrench? What will Mr. Carter and his people say on the subject? Will the threat to "detente" prove to be the intimidating instrument the Soviet Union so greatly desires it to be?

Capitalist enterprises aren't, when all is said and done, foreign-policy makers. And the behavior of the American capitalist who toasted Soviet patience at Kama is no more offensive than some of Richard Nixon's toasts in China. But American business enterprise needs to know whether it is participating in a corporate act: the defense of America, and the concentration of pressures on the Soviet Union to devote its own resources to its extramilitary industrial plant. Failure to think the problem through renders us vulnerable to the haunting observations of Solzhenitsyn . . .

"This is something which is almost incomprehensible to the human mind, that burning greed for profit that goes beyond all reason, all self-control, all conscience." Greed can be the lubricant of material progress, even as ambition is often the lubricant of public service. What is missing today is an elaborated doctrine that unites economic and public policy. Carter, as chief foreign-policy maker, should accept the responsibility for attempting to formulate a coherent doctrine. □

HENRY KISSINGER GOING OUT

New York, Dec. 10 —"In Panama, the American colony feels totally deserted. It's the single great-

est source of dissatisfaction, and the most easily cured."

That problem, the Secretary of State comments, will have to be explored by the next Administration. One feels a lesion of tension in the State Department. It is, to be sure, experienced everywhere in government. But most acutely here. The Justice Department has power of life and death right up to the end. HEW, which is mostly a spending agency, can spend money right up until the lights go out at the inaugural balls. In the State Department, policy is almost necessarily directed for strategic effect, and there is very little strategy that can be conceived and executed in time to bear fruit in the next five weeks.

HENRY KISSINGER isn't any the less interested in what is going on, and his anxiety shows as he weighs the work undone. In the Mideast, the voices of the raucous are stilled, but tomorrow they could begin to shout again, and this time Israel's rebuttal might be delivered in atom bombs. Lebanon is quiet, but the Syrians are in charge, and if suddenly they should behave maturely, that would be a pleasant surprise, surprise being the operative word.

In Africa, suddenly there was *démarche* on the Rhodesian question, but everyone more or less knows that the Rhodesians are braiding their own noose, and that of course is why Great Britain is not anxious to play a conspicuous role in the ritual leading to their *auto-da-fé*: none of the prosecutors at Athens was so uncouth as to attend Socrates when he took the hemlock. In China, they are for the first time in ten years sending troops to quiet mysterious disturbances, and it is not impossible that the old centrifugalization will resume, complete with separatist warlords. (Happy days!)

Increasingly we all know that in Europe the independence of the Western nations is owing less to Western resolution than to Russian prudence. Meanwhile, the armories of the Soviet empire groan with the hard stuff, and the factories work day and night to produce new missiles, new and better submarines, refined MIRV-ing systems. Was that a Russian laser beam that destroyed one of our satellites? Just practicing.

But Henry Kissinger's preoccupation isn't with the Communist powers, but with his own country. The United States could last one thousand years if the American people willed it, and ordered their lives to the continuing necessity to maintain themselves strong, and intelligent.

Henry Kissinger, reviled by much of the Right, distrusted by much of the Left, is too intelligent even to hesitate to acknowledge that, under his influence, the American people have relaxed on the whole subject of Communism. To be sure, they had been yearning to do so—America was not created to wage the Hundred Years' War.

THE INTELLECTUALS had been hammering away on the theme of America's exaggerated pride in itself. So when the Vietnam fiasco came, undermining our confidence in ourselves; and when Kissinger and Nixon went to China, and toasted there to the health of leaders whose every day on earth meant additional suppression, torture, and annihilation; and then to Moscow, to do the same thing and to rely in disarmament talks, in a measure, on Soviet good faith—in droves, Americans stashed away their firearms, left their doors unlocked at night, and let the dust accumulate on the old articles of faith.

Kissinger knows all this, but his response is not easy to handle. "Where was the American Establishment when needed?" When needed to support the ABM? To conclude the Vietnam War decisively? To legitimize the use of grain embargoes to the disadvantage of the Russians? To abort the Cuban venture in Africa?

Henry Kissinger was never a public leader. He is the supreme technician. Those who suspect that he is less than personally committed to the welfare of the United States are quite simply wrong. He loves this country and its institutions. This is the land of the free, but not demonstrably the home of the brave; and the historical challenge is to know whether we can be free if we are less than brave. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

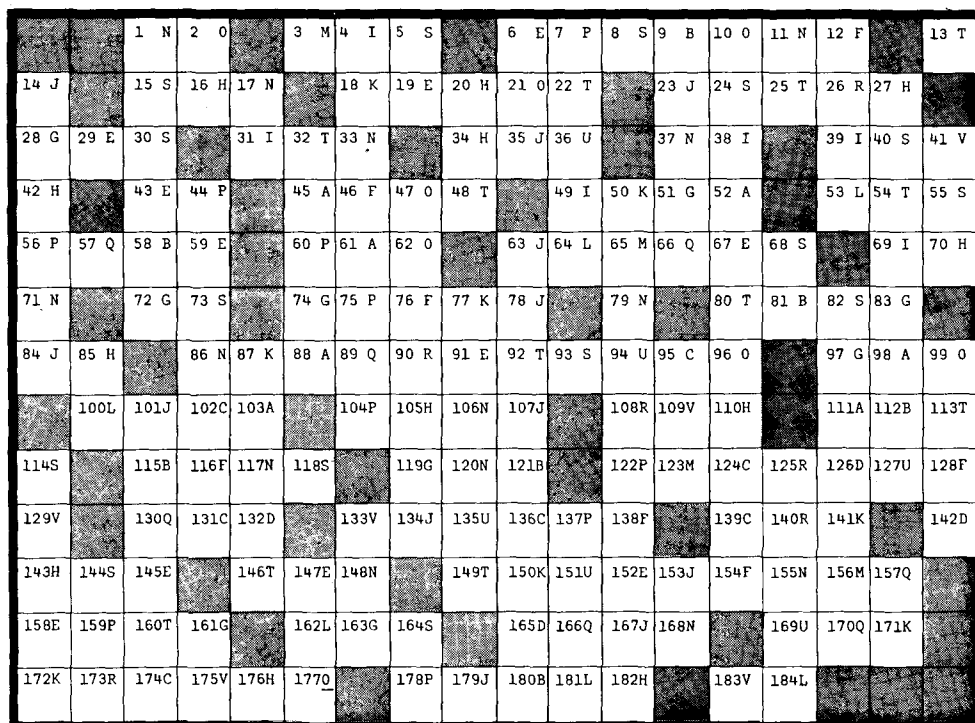
- A. A comic strip of the 1920s
88 52 61 111 45 98 103
- B. A mineral consisting of a basic zinc arsenate
112 115 81 180 58 9 121
- C. German historian (1817-1903)
124 102 139 174 95 136 131
- D. Salacious
142 126 165 132
- E. The Order of the Legion of Honor was created May 19, ____
152 147 6 29 43 145 67 91 59 158
19
- F. A place especially suited to give a comprehensive view
76 46 138 154 116 12 128
- G. A billiard game
83 163 74 97 28 72 119 51 161
- H. ____ were they called, of different rites, Three Jews, three pagans, and three Christian Knights. (Dryden: *The Flower and the Leaf*)
110 20 70 27 34 85 105 42 16 143
176 182
- I. Colonies of honeybees settled in hives
38 49 69 4 31 39
- J. What Louisville is not
134 63 107 35 179 101 153 167 84 14
23 78
- K. A form of bowling
141 87 172 77 18 50 150 171

- L. Swollen
184 64 53 100 181 162
- M. This sounds like a lovely river
3 65 123 156
- N. Something that causes a great sensation for a short period
33 37 11 17 71 79 117 148 1 155
168 86 106 120
- O. The English couldn't lick them, so they unjoined them (not all of them!)
10 177 47 62 96 99 2 21
- P. A high and narrow chest of drawers
178 60 75 104 56 44 122 159 7 137
- Q. Would a single be considered a poor one?
66 130 157 57 166 170 89
- R. Part of Italy where Francis of Assisi lived
173 108 125 26 90 140
- S. RUTH SEEKS MEETER
15 24 55 5 73 82 93 141 144 164
8 30 40 68 118
- T. What the head of the cowboys wears
22 25 80 92 32 160 48 54 113 146
149 13
- U. A variable color averaging a light purple
36 127 151 169 94 135
- V. Made insensitive
41 183 133 175 109 129

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 166 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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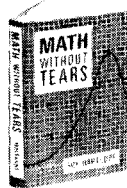
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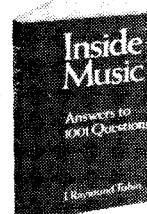
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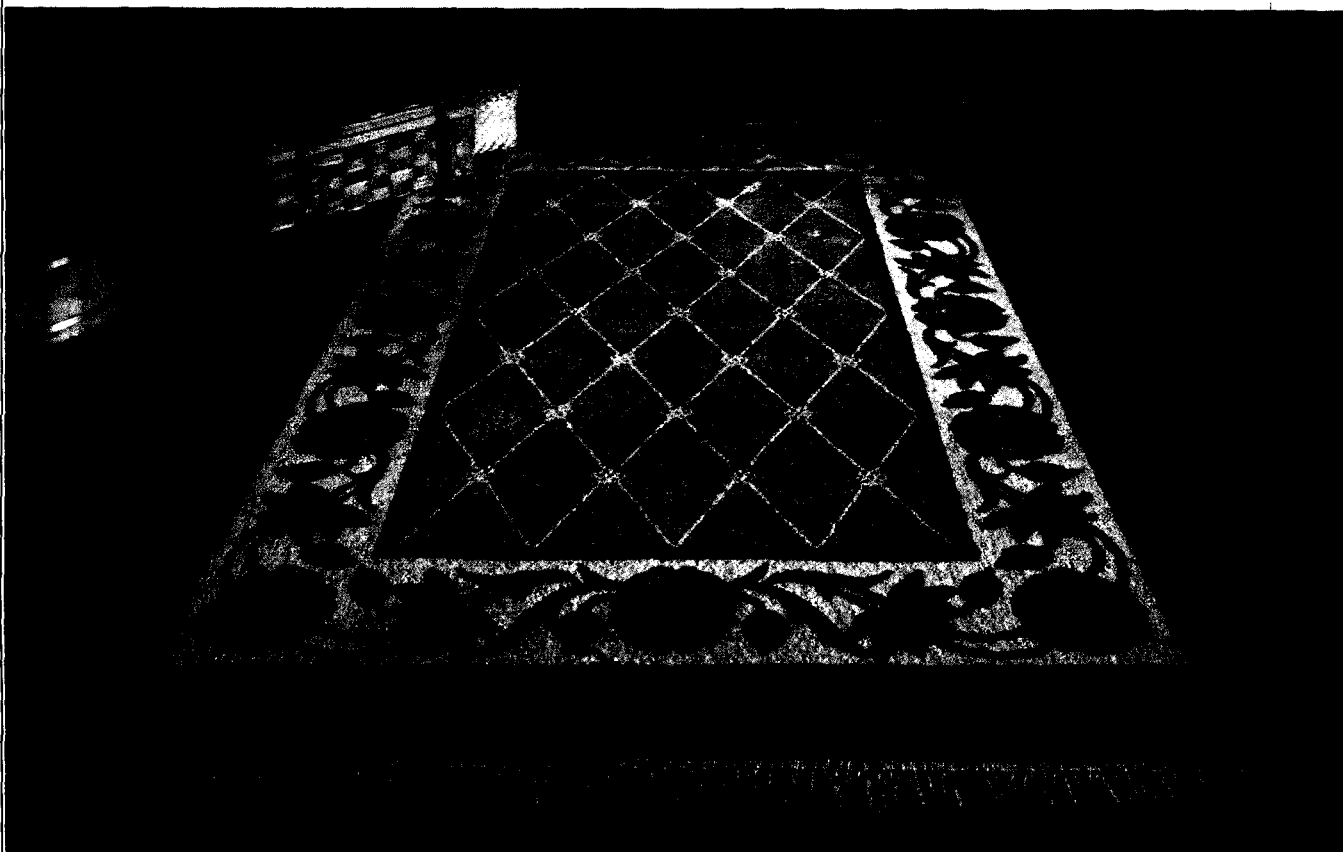
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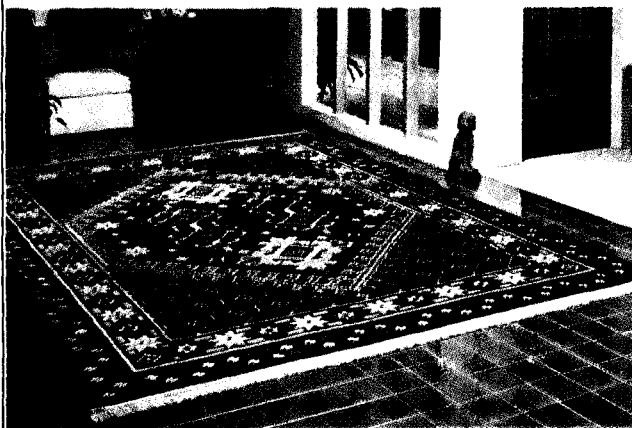
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